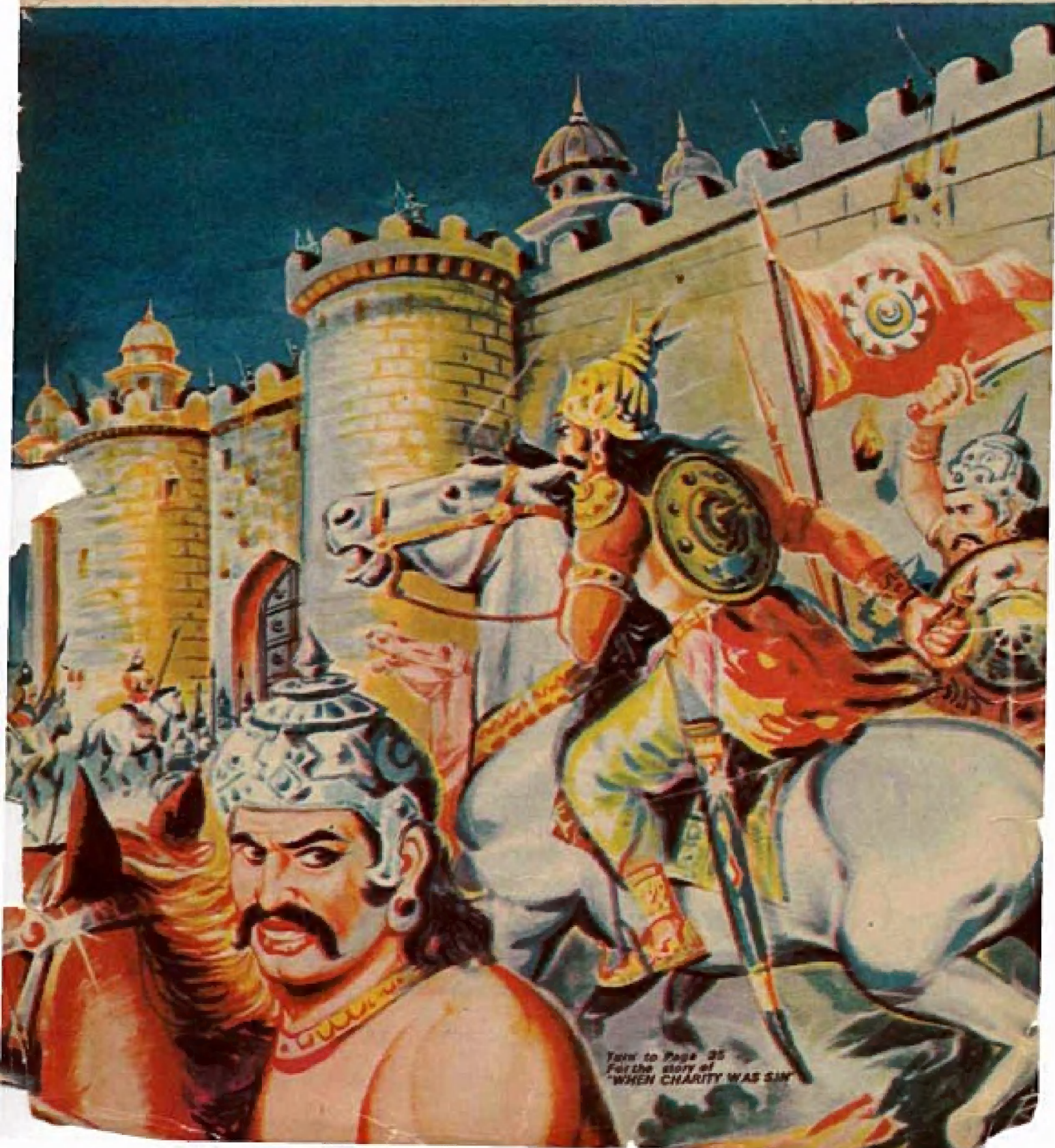


CHANDAMAMA

NOVEMBER 1979

Rs. 1.25



Turn to Page 35
For the story of
"WHEN CHARITY WAS SIN"

TRING TRRRRING RING! >>>

Bachat Kumar rides to school on a new red bike.



Bachat Kumar is going to school. Look at him! Round and round he goes, Tring trrrring ring!



Oh what a beautiful, beautiful bike! says Bhola with a tear in his eye.



I wish I had money for a new red bike.

And the bully Babbar Sher roars with envy.



Go to class you show-off! And leave your silly bike behind.



'No-no-no!' squeals Bachat Kumar. 'This is my new red bike No one but me will ride It's bought with my own money I've been saving in my tummy!'

Bak-bak is irritated.



KYON KNOW

How should they get Bachat Kumar off that bike so that they can all get rides? 'Come-on, come-on!' he tells the others and they get together to plan.

HA! HA!



TRING TRRRRING



This is what they decide:

Lambooji will chase Bachat Kumar. As soon as Bachat Kumar gets to the corner, Bak bak will give a warning whistle.

Then Petu will block the way. And Tattu Singh will give a kick! Off he'll go—and the bike will be all theirs.

Know what happened?

When Lambooji started chasing Bachat Kumar, he took off on his new red bike. Faster than anybody could think. Faster than a wink.

Mithu-kaka had been watching all this happen from his tree. He opened one eye and spoke:



Come along children. Save your money and have more fun.

Save with State Bank. And watch your savings grow!



State Bank
Let's come closer

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- PLUS TEN STORIES
AND SEVEN OTHER FEATURES**

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

यस्मिन् जीवति जीवन्ति बहवः स तु जीवति ।

काकोऽपि किं न कुरुते चञ्च्वा स्वोदरपूरणम् ॥

Yasmin jīvati jīvanti bahavaḥ sa tu jīvati,

Kāko'pi kiṁ na kurute cañcvā svodarapūraṇam.

He is truly living who helps many others to live. Even a crow knows how to feed itself. (But that is hardly living a life.)

The Hitopadeshah

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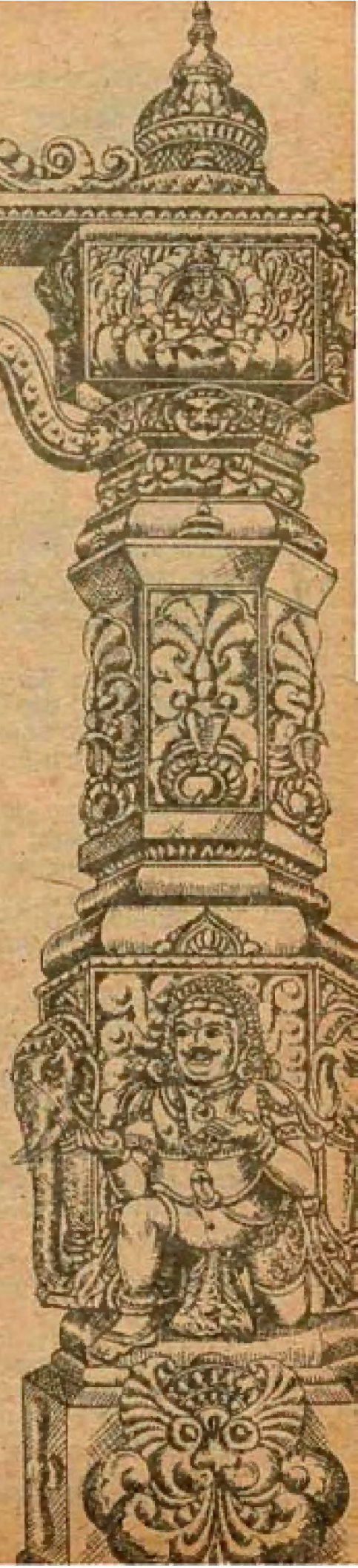
Founder : CHAKRAPANI

PROFILES IN COURAGE

It is when one faces a trying situation that one's hidden qualities come out to the surface. This is the truth the story of Agnes (*The Little Big Sister*) appearing in this issue tells us.

The sad thing that happened to Agnes, we wish, does not happen to any other child. But a situation that demands courage, faith and patience might arise any moment in anyone's life.

The story of Agnes had received a good deal of publicity in days gone by. Similar real life stories always deserve our loving attention. We have already sent an invitation (please see the editorial in the previous issue) to our young readers to write brief articles for the *Chandamama*. They would do a good service if they would be on the look out for such events which show the human nobleness at work. Your magazine will be happy to publish such accounts. Of course, they have to be on contemporary events and they have to be well-written.





LET US KNOW

How was the organisation called the Red Cross founded? What is its importance?

*T. S. Ramachandramurthy
Ongole.*

In 1859, Castiglione, an Italian town, had become a big hospital. A gruesome battle was being fought on its outskirts between France and Italy on one side and Austria on the other side. Numerous soldiers fell dead. Many of the wounded who could have survived died just because no medical attention was available to them. Their number is put at 40,000 to 50,000.

A Swiss young man named Henry Dunant who happened to witness the plight of the dying and the diseased was greatly moved with pity and could not rest until he had taken some steps towards a better understanding of the misfortune of the soldiers.

He gave a call to the people of the town to help him in organising relief for the suffering people. It speaks noble of human nature that hundreds of men and women responded to his call. Every public building in the town saw some local people nursing the wounded soldiers. These volunteers did not differentiate between one camp and another. Their sympathy and service were equally available to the soldiers of both the camps.

Dunant's activity made a great impression on many people. In 1862 he published a book in which he recounted the horrors of wars, the humiliating condition to which the wounded soldiers are reduced, and he suggested formation of a permanent organisation which could take care of the wounded in the future wars. In 1863 a small committee was formed as a response to Dunant's appeal. Next year several European Nations sent their representatives to a convention held in Geneva where some rules and regulations regarding the treatment of the wounded in the war were formed. This convention is famous as the Geneva Convention.

Yet another convention for the same purpose was held in 1868, out of which, in 1870, was born the Red Cross Society.

The Society is an international organisation with national committees all over the world. Although it began only with wartime activities, it soon became equally active during peace time, devoting itself to the welfare of the sick and the suffering as well as the prisoners of wars. Its activities have spread into other fields of human welfare too.

The organisation's flag has a red cross on a white base.

trace the lost princesses. The king agreed to do so.

The king had not even told his minister or the astrologer about the whereabouts of the girls. He was under the impression that the absolute safety of the girls depended on absolute secrecy being maintained about their station.

To please the queen, he sent a number of people in search of the girls. But soon this proved to be the cause of greater anguish for the queen. Every time one of them returned to the palace to report the failure of his mission, the queen suffered a fresh bout of despair.

* * *

Unknown to all, the king visited the underground mansion daily. To begin with, the girls seemed to be passing their time quite happily. But soon they began to feel bored. With great eagerness they waited for their father's visit. They enjoyed each moment of his company to their hearts' content. But the king could not be with them for long. He did not want anyone to take note of his absence at the palace or the court.

Luckily, the princesses were good-natured girls. Kids though, they vaguely understood that there was some very serious reason for their father detaining them there. But this





did not mean that they were willing to remain there. As days passed, they grew more and more impatient and pressed upon the king to let them follow him to their familiar garden and the palace. They missed their mother very much.

Everyday, it was a trying moment for the king when he took leave of his daughters after spending some time with them. They would cling on to him. The king had to plead with them to let him go.

The king used to tell the queen that he had received some intelligence about their daughters and that they would soon

be back. That kept the queen hopeful though she had forgotten how to smile. As the period of three years was about to be over, the king grew more positive in his tone both before the queen and the princesses.

Two days before the period was to end, he promised his daughters to free them from their underground residence on the third day. Also, in his eagerness to please the queen, he announced to her the day when the princesses would return to her.

The princesses in their underground mansion and the queen in the palace celebrated the passing of every hour! They did not sleep a wink at night. But, on a second calculation, the king realised that he had been wrong; the princesses ought to remain separated from their mother for one more day to complete three years.

He entered the underground mansion to persuade them to wait for a day more. But they raised such joyous screams at his sight—all agog at the thought of coming out and meeting their mother—that he had no heart to ask them to wait.

"It is a matter of just a day more, after all. If we guard the

girls properly, the day will surely pass peacefully," he assured himself in silence and led his daughters out. A brilliant day greeted them outside. Once in the wide orchard, the girls frolicked about and laughed loudly and began to play hide-and-seek. From her window, the queen kept looking into the orchard. The king was looking forward to see the happy union of his daughters with their mother.

Suddenly the sky looked ominously gloomy. There was a whirlwind. A thick cloud of dust blinded the king. He heard a violent flapping of wings followed by the yells of his

daughters. He managed to look up. What should he see but three huge vultures carrying away the princesses! A situation which he had imagined three years ago had come true!

The guards who were following them screamed and threw their spears at the birds. But they could not carry on their attack freely lest the girls should be harmed. It could not have been wise to scare the vultures to drop the girls either! All were in a fix!

The queen saw the 'scene through her window.

"They took away my daughters again!" she cried out and collapsed.



ADVENTURES OF MINTOO BEATING THE BANDITS—1

It was the birth anniversary of the sage of the forest who had brought up Mintoo. Disciples who visited the sage's tomb told Mintoo how flood had destroyed their crop and they anticipated a famine.



Mintoo asked them to wait. He then entered the secret tunnel and brought a sackful of gold coins and gave them to the people. "Buy grain with these," he advised them.



The same night the village was plundered by a gang of bandits. Like a storm they came, riding horses and brandishing swords, and took away whatever the villagers had got from Mintoo.



Some of the weeping villagers reported their misfortune to Mintoo. "It is not for the first time that they looted us. They do it at least twice a year," they reported.





The villagers were delighted to see Mintoo. "The bandits must be taught a lesson," he declared. At his asking, the villagers brought him a horse.

"I must do something to save the innocent villagers from the menace of the bandits," exclaimed Mintoo, and he set out for the village with Jhandoo and the baby elephant. Meena looked on tearfully.



Mintoo practised riding. He was helped by a retired soldier of the king's army who was an expert rider. The horse proved most obedient to Mintoo.



Behind the village was a pass that went through two hills, but was blocked by another hill. There was a pit in the pass. Under Mintoo's direction, the villagers dug it deeper.



NO COMMITMENT

Many people in Jiwan's locality could surpass him in many things, but none in niggardliness.

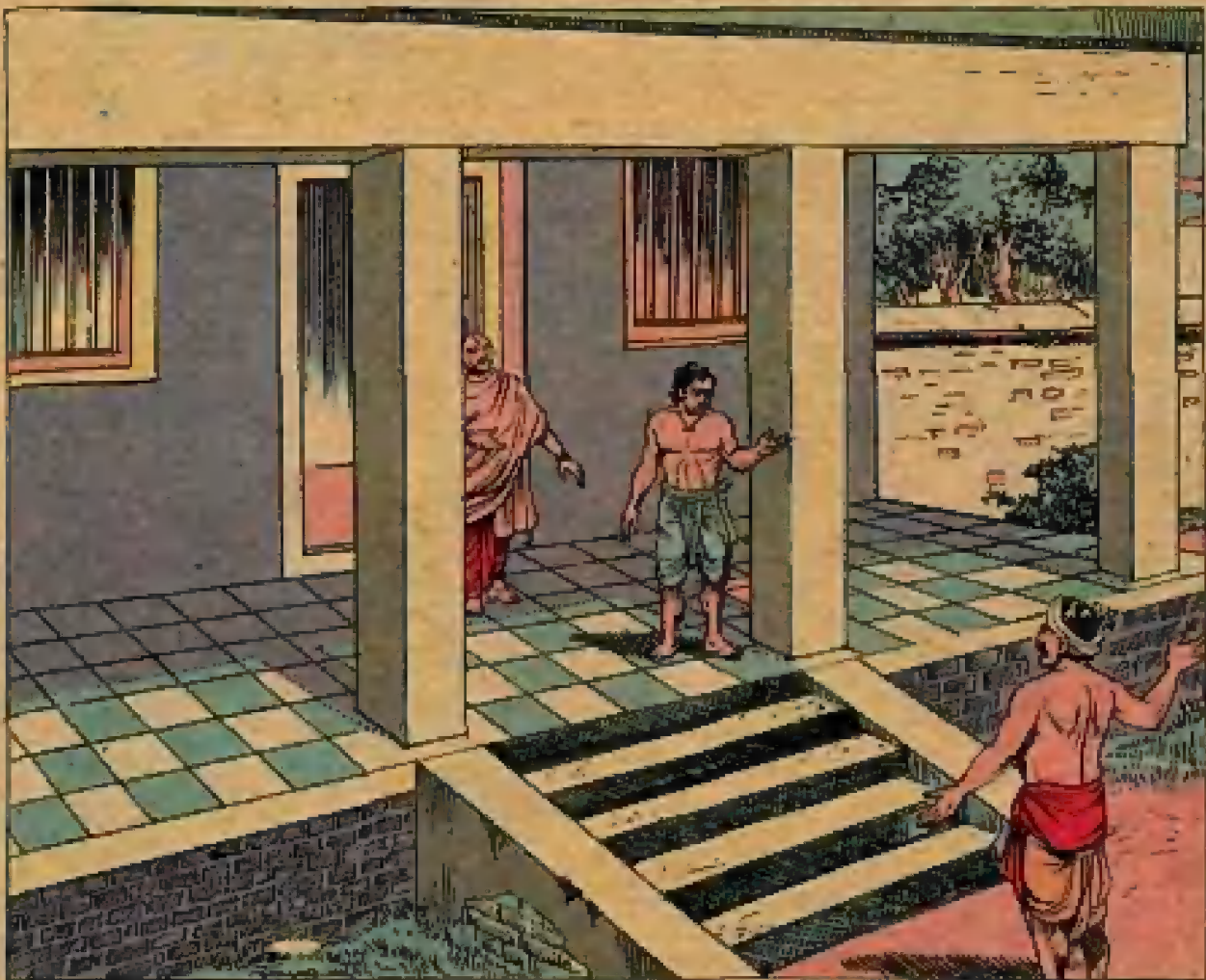
Some mischievous chap set afloat a rumour that Jiwan was going to throw a feast for the villagers.

"Is it true that your master is going to give us a feast?" a villager asked Jiwan's servant.

"My master throwing a feast? Well, well, wait. He will do so on the day the world will end!" the servant replied with sarcasm.

Jiwan overheard his servant while coming out of the house.

"You fool! Why do you make a commitment?" Jiwan said, taking the servant to task.



In the lonely part of the town stood a double-storeyed house. It was occupied by a couple. In the morning the husband had to leave for his work in the town. He came for lunch at midday, but had to return to his work after an hour's rest. He came home again only in the evening.

His charming wife, left alone, felt bored inside the house and came out to the balcony from time to time. The balcony overlooked a valley, a river and a range of hills beyond the river. She would love to spend hours

sitting on the balcony enjoying the refreshing breeze and the beautiful sight. But that was not possible.

That was not possible because of a young man, a tailor, who had a small shop opposite her house. Whenever the lady came out to her balcony, he came out to the veranda of his shop and whistled or hummed.

Needless to say, he wished to attract the lady's attention. The lady, naturally, tried to avoid looking at him, but if by chance her eyes fell on him, he sported a nasty smile or put his hand





on his heart to show that he loved her. He never took note of the frown on her face.

It was disgusting and it went on for a long time.

One day the lady's maid-servant went down to the young fellow and greeted him with an elaborate show of courtesy. His eyes twinkling with expectations, the fellow asked her what brought her there.

"Lucky young man, my lady invites you to lunch with her today. I wonder if you will be wise enough to oblige her!" said the maid.

The fellow could not believe his ears. The maid-servant had

to repeat her words twice before he mopped his face, goggled his eyes, and conveyed his readiness to report for lunch.

He was visibly shaking with excitement when he climbed the stairs a few hours later. He was in his finest clothes. He had done no business in the morning and had spent all his time in grooming himself for the occasion—taking a hair-cut at the most fashionable saloon in the town and a thorough bath in scented water.

The lady, who too was in the best of forms, welcomed the guest with a smile. She made him sit on the velvet divan, fanned him, and spoke many a sweet word. The maid-servant laid the dinner in the meanwhile and the lady escorted him to the table.

The variety of items spread on the table amazed the guest. Delighted, he sat down. But before he could have even a morsel of the food, there was a knock on the door.

"O God, our pleasure is over. This is verily my husband, although he was expected to be away for the whole day!" murmured the lady.

The young man stood up, this time shaking with fear.

"What am I to do now?" asked he.

"Hide inside the chest," said the lady and she opened it for him. When he had entered it, she locked it.

Then she opened the door for her husband to come in.

"Looking at the delicious dishes one feels as if you were expecting a valued guest!" remarked the husband.

"I have the guest already here!" revealed the lady.

"Where? And who is he?"

"Inside the chest—a young man who whistles and hums at me and demands my attention!" replied the lady with a giggle.

"Check!" shouted the husband. He then struggled to

open the doors of the chest.

"What do you propose to do with him?" asked the lady.

"I'll throttle him to death and fling him away from the balcony! Where is the key?" asked the furious husband.

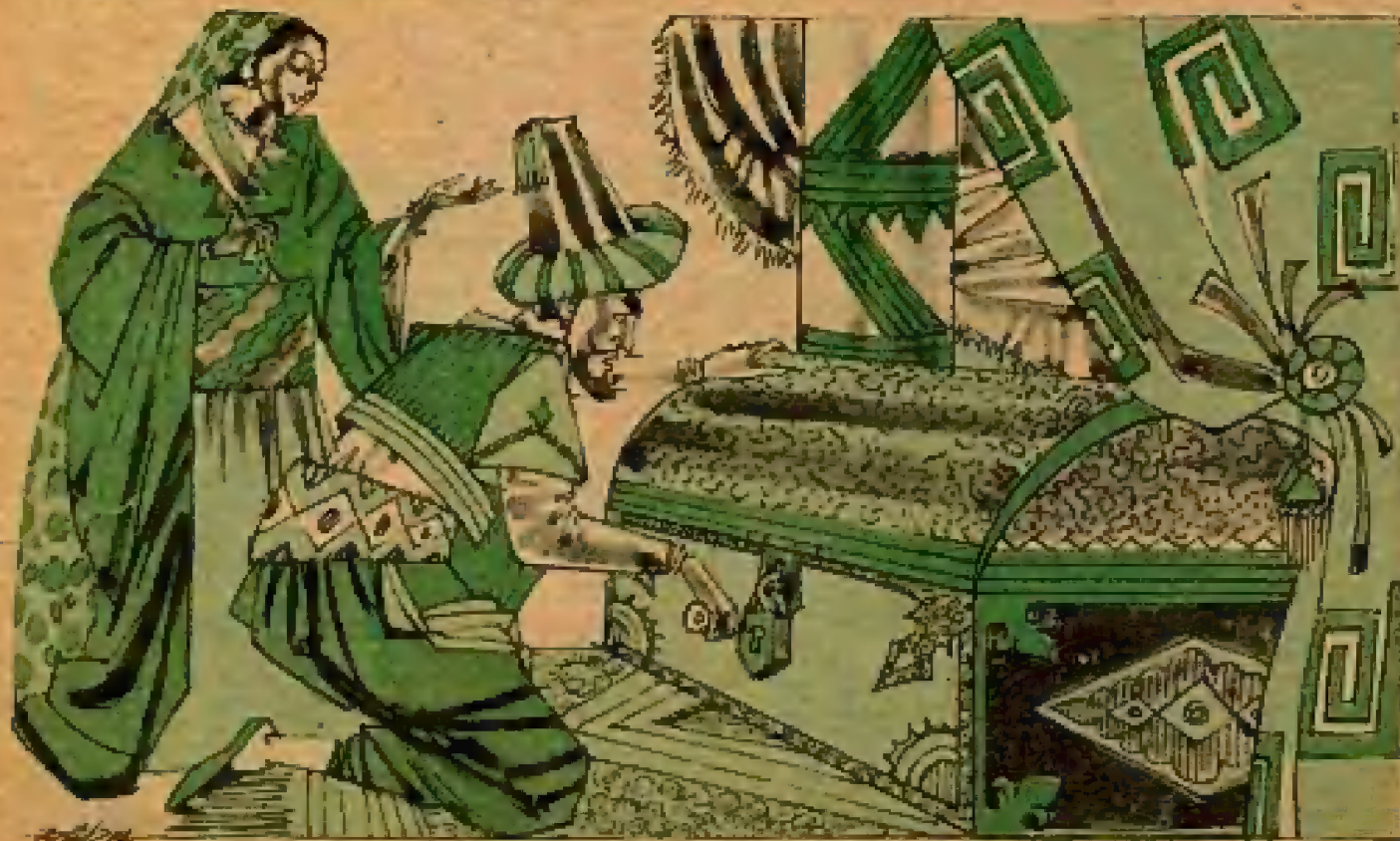
"I'll give you the key only if you do as I say. First you must tie him to a pillar."

"Gladly!" said the husband. "That would be good fun!"

"And then chop off his ears!"

"Why not, give me the key!" demanded the husband.

The lady handed over a key to him, but a false key. As her husband tried to open the chest in vain, she said again, "And at last you must behead him instead of throttling him to death!"



I've never before seen anybody being beheaded!"

"I'll do so!" said the husband, still struggling with the lock on the chest.

Suddenly the lady laughed.

"What is the matter?" asked the husband.

"Do you really believe that there is man inside the chest?" she asked, still laughing.

"Oh, you really know how to joke!" observed the husband giving up his effort. Then both sat down for lunch and exchanged stories, and laughed.

After the husband left, the lady opened the chest. The young man lay like dead. He blinked as the lady and her maid-servant pulled him out.

"I hope, you have realised how close you were to death for your impudent conduct. Today you escaped narrowly. But learn to remain away from your doom. That is simple. Don't ever gaze at my balcony. When you feel like being nasty at me, just stop and think what will be your mood if someone else did the same to your sister or your wife," said the lady.

She even offered him food. But the young man was in no condition to open his mouth. He toddled down the staircase, helped by the maid-servant.

And never again did he look up at the balcony—the dangerous place from which he could have been flung away!



"IF THERE BE A PARADISE ON EARTH"

It was a bright morning. Outside the window a pair of budding roses swayed in the breeze.

Ravi and Raman had enjoyed a night's sound sleep after a journey which had been a bit tiring.

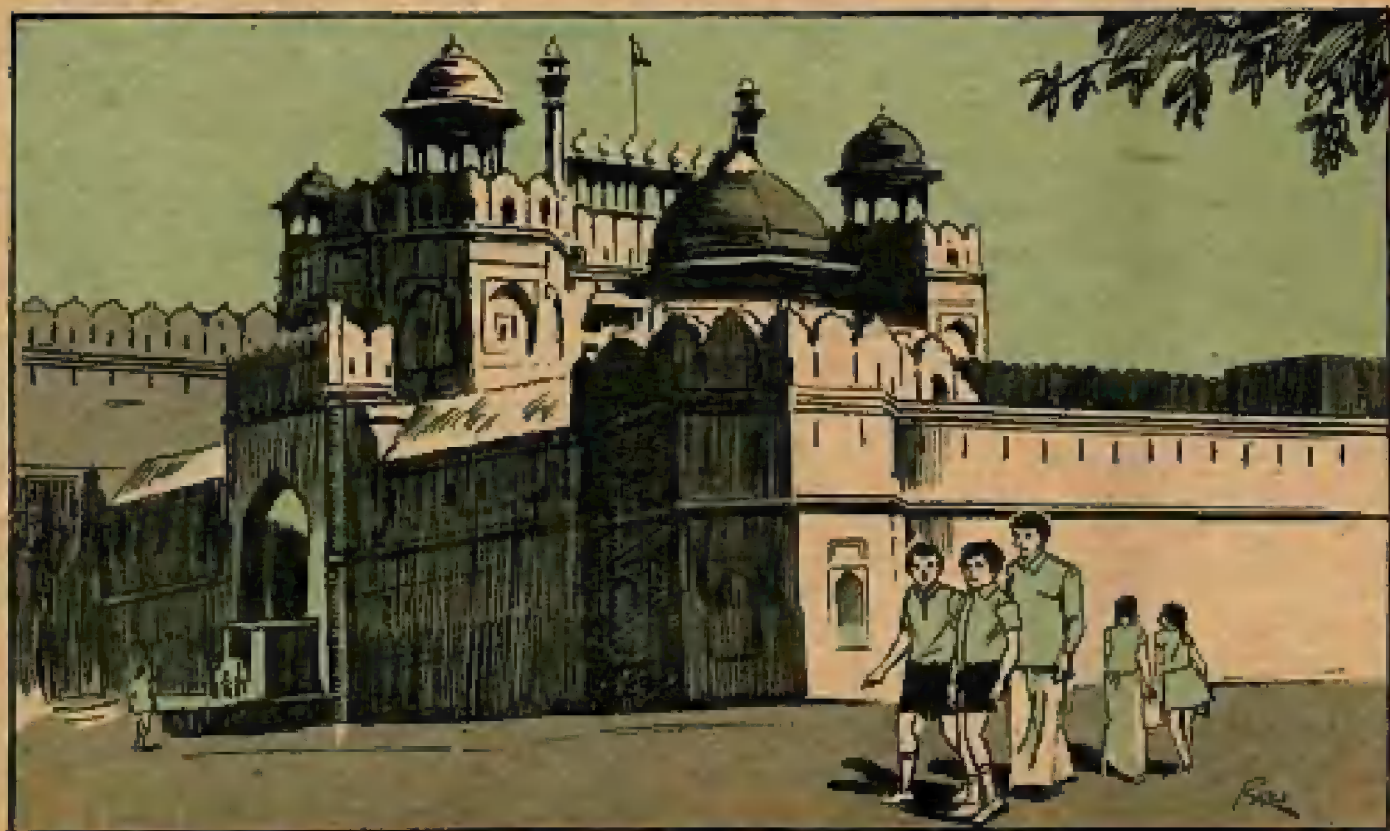
"Father, I've not been to the Red Fort since ages," Raman complained to his father, Dr. Murty.

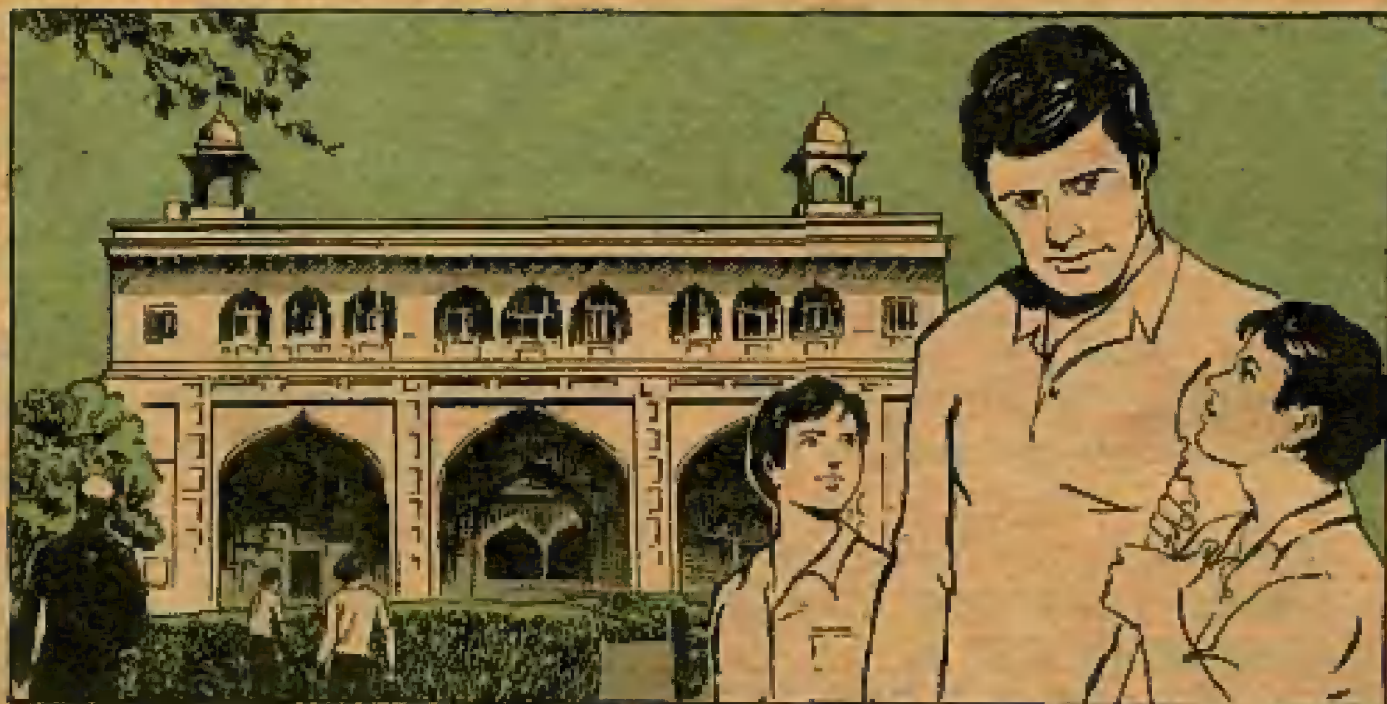
"My boy, it is said that twelve years make an age.

You've just crossed twelve and you are counting time in terms of ages!" observed Dr. Murty, laughing.

"But you had guided me into the fort when I was too small to understand things!" Raman was eager to show Ravi the great citadel that was the pride of their locality, nay, of the whole city.

The father appreciated his desire. Soon both the boys were seen entering the gate of





the giant fort which, according to Malucci, an Italian traveller of the 17th century, "was the most magnificent palace in the East—perhaps in the world!"

"You know who built this fort and when, don't you?" asked Dr. Murty.

"Yes, Emperor Shah Jahan, in 1648. But I don't know why it is called the Red Fort," said Ravi.

"Well, it had several other names given to it by its proud masters. But it has been called the Red Fort simply because it is protected by walls made of red sandstone.

The fort had several monuments and places of interest inside like the Lahore Gate and the Nahwat Khana and the

Band Tower. But they walked into the Diwan-i-Am or the Hall of Public Audience. Here, with a magnificent back-wall displaying intricate art in marble, sat the Grand Mughal on his gold throne, and conducted his daily durbar.



A still more magnificent marble pavilion was Diwan-i-Khas or the Hall of Private Audience. Here the emperor met kings, ambassadors and top-ranking officers. Shah Jehan's famous Peacock Throne, costing over a crore of rupees, was set here. On its wall was seen a Persian verse which meant:

"If there be a paradise on
earth,

It is here! it is here! it is here!"

"How happy the residents of this building must have been!" exclaimed Ravi.

"They were not necessarily happy. Threatened by treachery, conspiracy, and attacks, they often passed sleepless nights. In 1719, Emperor Far-ruksiyar, who had ascended the throne by strangling to death



his uncle, Jahandar Shah, was murdered here. In 1788, the Rohilla leader Ghulam Qadir took hold of the Fort and asked Emperor Shah Alam to show his buried treasure. The emperor had none. The ladies of the harem were whipped and his children dashed to death before his eyes. Not satisfied with that, Qadir even dug his eyes out! Besides, you of course know—don't you?—about the plunderer Nadir Shah who took away the Peacock Throne, among other invaluable things, in 1739.

"Please tell us," demanded both Ravi and Raman as they headed towards Moti Masjid.



Once upon a time there was a boy—to be precise he wasn't really there but was in the process of being—who laughed wildly as soon as he had had a mouth, and kicked his maker as soon as he had had his legs.

Indeed, he was a boy who was being carved out of a piece of wood, by a carpenter called Geppetto.

And once he had been completely made and given the name Pinocchio, he proved a headache for his maker.

But Geppetto wanted him to become a good and educated lad. He sold his own coat and gave him some money to buy a spelling book. He bought it, but sold it again to buy a ticket for a puppet-show. And the row that was made on account of him in the show when the puppets recognised in him another puppet! However, not only Pinocchio managed to come out of the difficulty, but also won a reward of five gold pieces from the show-man.

Soon he met a sly fox and a cat. They told him of a magic land where, if he sowed his five gold pieces, he could grow plants which would yield him five thousand of them! Pinoc-

chio followed them. Needless to say, once he had sowed the wealth, his two 'friends' dug it out and decamped with it!

Pinocchio, however, had a true guardian in a fairy. Once when he was about to die, the fairy saved him. He promised to be a good boy and went to school again. But, influenced by a bad boy, he escaped to a land where the annual vacation began on the first of January and ended only on the last day of December!

But, in that land, his idleness turned him into a donkey, a real one. He was sold to a circus party and later, bought by a man who needed his skin! He was thrown into the sea to die, but he got back his puppet-self instead. And, in order to escape his master, swam into the sea and was swallowed by a monster-fish, two miles long!

Inside the fish he met his maker, Geppetto. The poor man, out in search of his lost puppet, had been swallowed by the monster-fish earlier.

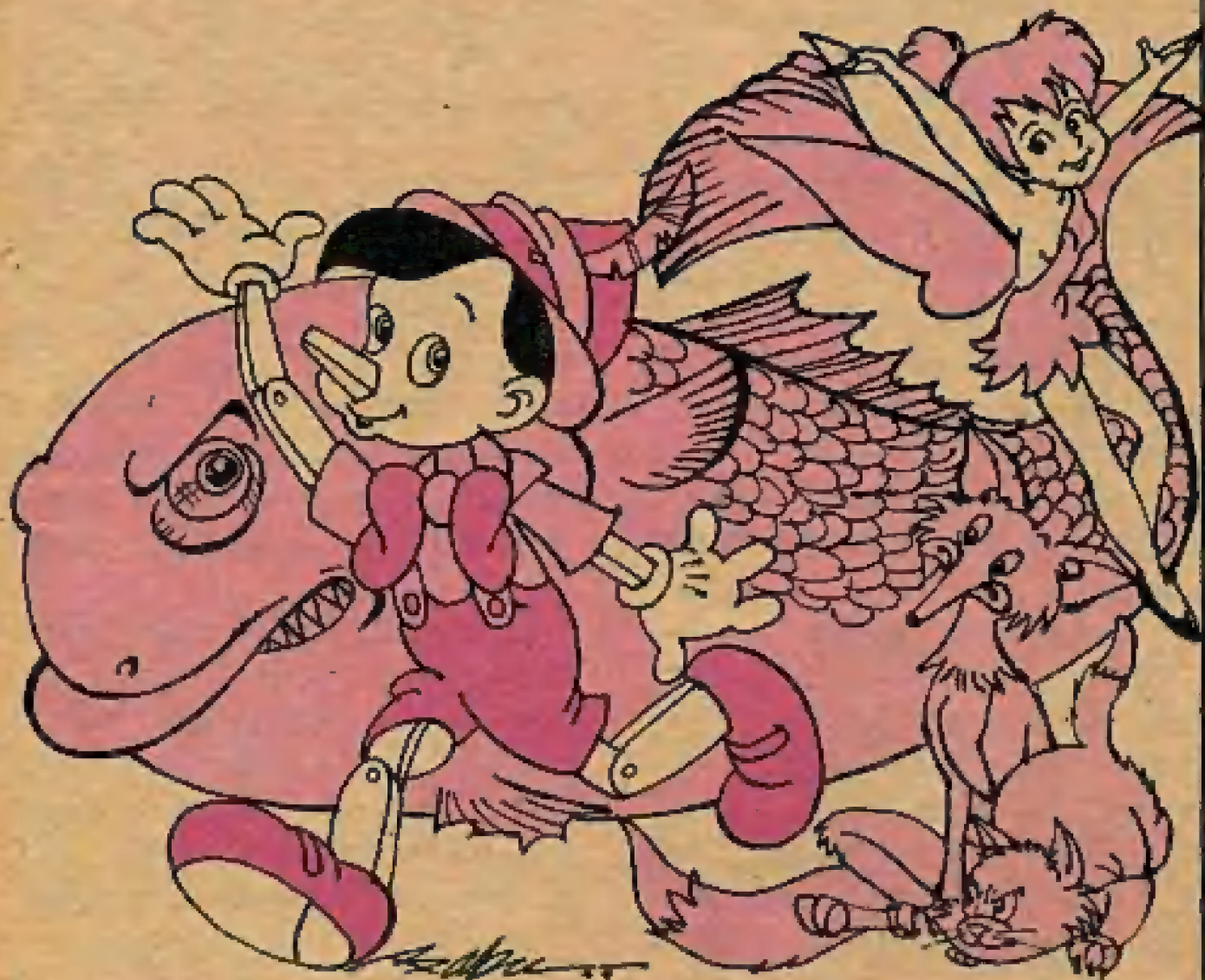
While the monster-fish slept with its mouth agape, Geppetto and Pinocchio slipped out and swam to the shore.

The chain of experiences had



PINOCCHIO

STORIES FROM
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS



taught Pinocchio how good it is to be good! He resolved to be good. By the fairy's magic, he became a human boy—bright and smart—and lived happily.

The Adventures of Pinocchio,

written by Carlo Collodi (Lorenzini), an Italian writer, was published during the last quarter of the last century. Translated into many major languages, it has since become very popular.

The Little

The test of bravery is not in the battlefield alone. A challenge to our courage and character might come any moment, anywhere. They might come in a form which would seem ordinary! And they might take in their grip even a child!

Reports of success in such challenges do not circulate widely because the events do not seem startling or dramatic. Nevertheless, one who shows courage in such crises is no lesser hero than one who fights the foe.

Here is an example:

England of 1807. It was a dark night with the mad wind shrieking all around. In a hut below a hill a small girl, Agnes, was trying to put to sleep still smaller kids—five in all. Outside, it was snowing non-stop. She opened a window from time to time and strained her eyes. All she could see were the vague shapes of dark hills

growing whiter and trees swaying violently. She could not keep the window open for long for fear of the forceful wind extinguishing the fire inside the hut.

She was growing anxious for her parents. They had gone out to a village beyond the narrow pass. It had been a clear day and they were to return in the evening. But the weather rapidly changed for the worse and they were not to be seen although it was past midnight.

Her little brother was sobbing in his sleep. Agnes rearranged his blanket and patted him as their mother would do. The youngest two-twins-woke up. She gave them a little milk to drink, as their mother would do. They fell asleep again.

There was no other house in the vicinity. Agnes could not look forward to a kind word from a neighbour. The kids



INTERNATIONAL

Big Sister

got up in the morning. She prepared breakfast for them and kept them in good spirit.

It continued snowing for two days. The world looked gloomy and fearful. But Agnes must smile so that her brother and sisters remained cheerful.

On the third day, when the weather proved better, Agnes

struggled through the snow-choked pass, all alone, to reach the village. She asked the villagers, many of whom were her father's friends, about her parents. They were surprised that the couple had not returned home. A thorough search began. After three days they saw what they feared: the couple lay dead, buried in snow.

Blinded by snow, they had lost their way and had slipped off a hill.

It was only then that Agnes broke down. But by then there were so many who were ready to stand by her and to offer to take care of the orphans. The people were all praise for Agnes who had run her wee little world with such calm and courage.

The orphans were adopted by good-hearted people—one of them going over to live with Poet Wordsworth and his sister, Dorothy.



YEAR OF THE CHILD '79

THE RETORT

A bandit came dashing into Shombhu's house one night. He fell at Shombhu's feet and appealed to him, "The sepoy's are pursuing me. Give me protection. I shall remain ever grateful to you."

Soon the footsteps of the sepoy's could be heard. Shombhu went out and, to their question, said that no bandit had come that way.

A moment after the sepoy's had left, the bandit flourished a knife and demanded of Shombhu all his cash.

"But did you not say that you will remain ever grateful to me?" Shombhu stammered out.

"I never said so!" asserted the bandit.

"What a liar you are!" muttered out Shombhu.

"What a man of truth you are! What you spoke to the sepoy's was truth indeed!" retorted the bandit,



The Builders of India's Heritage

SHRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

One of the truly great yogis of our time who attracted the attention of the world was Ramana Maharshi of Tiruvannamalai. It was his serene personality radiating spiritual splendour, as well as his poignant preaching, that attracted the people to him. In his presence, in the rare words he spoke, thousands found solace and light. His influence has gone a long way in cultivating in the hearts of the people a new interest in yoga and spirituality.

The Maharshi was born on

30 December, 1878, the son of Shri Sundaram Iyer and Shrimati Alagummal of Tiruchuzhi village, about 30 miles from Madurai.

He was in his teens when, one day, he heard of Arunachala, the hill and the shrine at its foot. It was one of the numerous holy places of the country. But the word Arunachala inspired a strange feeling in the boy who was then known as Venkataraman.

Of course, prior to that he had often had the feeling that





the world that he saw was not for him. He must find a different one for himself. One day he left for Arunachala. That was in 1896.

Once he had reached his destination, he forgot everything but his inner quest. "Who am-I?" This is the search on which he concentrated. He remained engrossed in the process of finding the ultimate. In the precincts of the ancient temple there, he sat motionless in rain or sun, with hardly anything to protect his body, and hardly any provision for food.

Children playing in the streets took him for mad and hurled

stones at him. He did not mind. At times, when he took shelter in a temple-room, worms and insects fed on him. But he was hardly aware of his tormentors.

However, among those who frequented the temple were one or two who had the insight to know that the young man who looked so ordinary was an extraordinary person. They began to take care of him.

The young yogi went over to a cave on the sacred hill Arunachala and carried on his *tapasya* there. But more and more people were coming to know him. When he was not lost in trance, he was kind to the visitors and answered their queries.

A great scholar and seeker, Kavyakantha Ganapati Muni, came to the yogi in 1907. He was a restless soul, looking for his true Master. At last, the yogi on the hill satisfied his quest entirely. It is Ganapati Muni who first addressed the yogi as Sri Ramana, the name which stuck on to him.

Later he came down to the plane and around him grew an ashram with people who were too enamoured of him to leave him. His mother too came. She tried to take him back to the world he had left behind.

Failing, she stayed on and took charge of the ashram.

Among those who visited him were many scholars. They had studied much, but lacked what is known as the realisation—the direct experience of Truth. In the presence of the Maharshi, they found that the path to realisation was becoming easier for them.

The Maharshi's mother died in the ashram. The ashram itself then shifted to the area where she was buried. Gradually it became a place of pilgrimage.

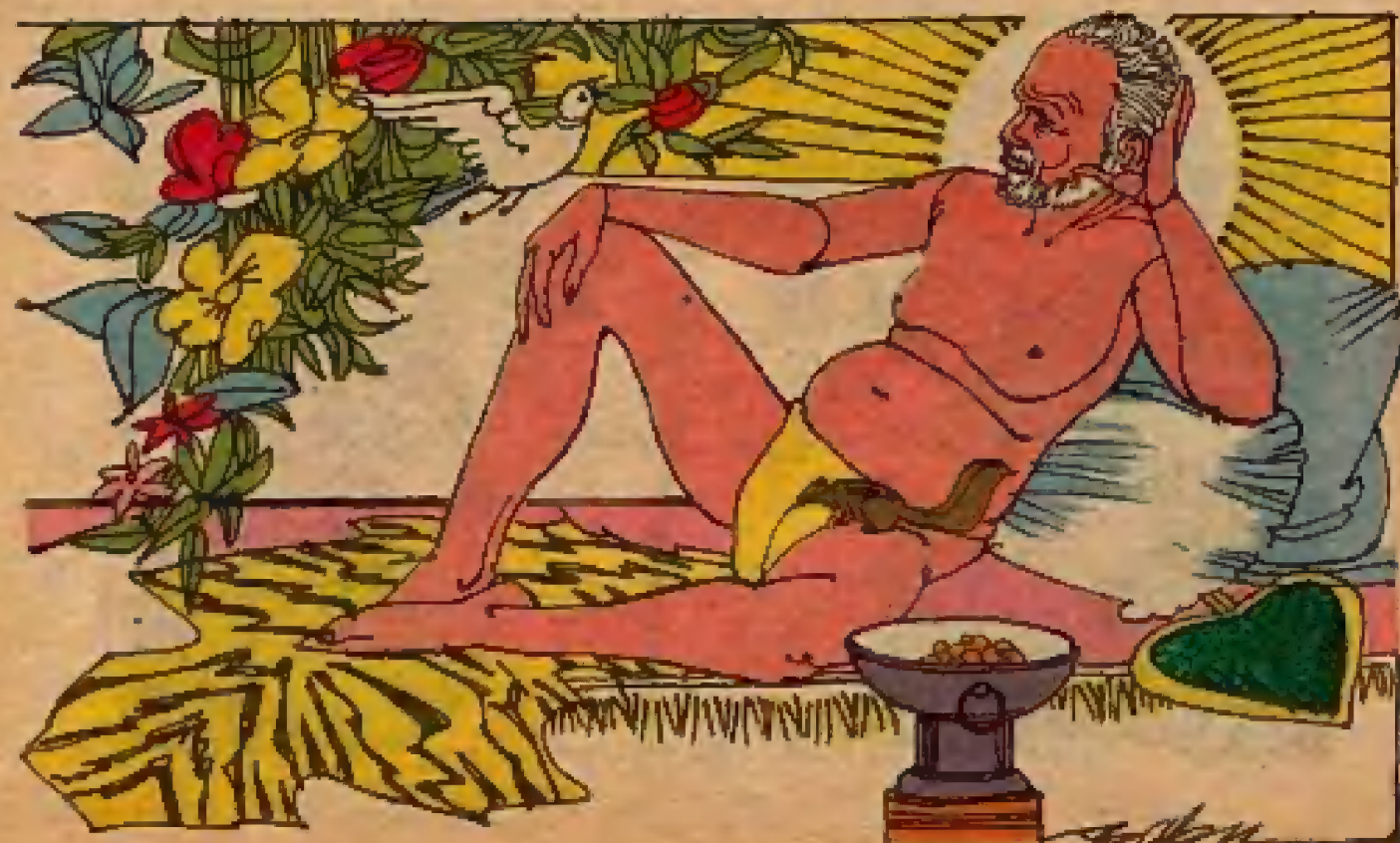
Even when he was renowned as an enlightened soul, he was not spared by the forces of darkness. Once his ashram was attacked by some hooligans who

even inflicted physical injury on him. He, however, did not allow his disciples to retaliate. He knew the price he must pay for living in an ignorant world.

The Maharshi's was a call for the seeker to seek his own true Self. When the seeker found that, all values would change for him, he assured. It would no more be a world of sorrow and suffering for him, but a vast playground of God.

"By incessantly pursuing within yourself the enquiry 'Who am I?' you will know your true Self and thereby attain salvation," he said.

The Maharshi left his body on 14 April 1950.



THE CLEVER MAN

The shopkeeper observed a beggar picking up something from the dust in front of his shop. It seemed to be a coin—a rupee.

"You cannot escape with my coin!" he shouted. "I am too clever to let you do so! That coin had slipped off my pocket."

"I am poor, sir, let me keep it since luck made me chance upon it," pleaded the beggar.

"Did not luck make me chance upon you picking it up?" challenged the shopkeeper.

After some argument they reached a compromise. The beggar surrendered the coin to the shopkeeper on receiving half its worth in small change.

An hour later the shopkeeper saw his wife looking for something in the dust. She had lost a coin there at dusk.

"Here it is," said the shopkeeper. "It was clever of me to recover it from a beggar."

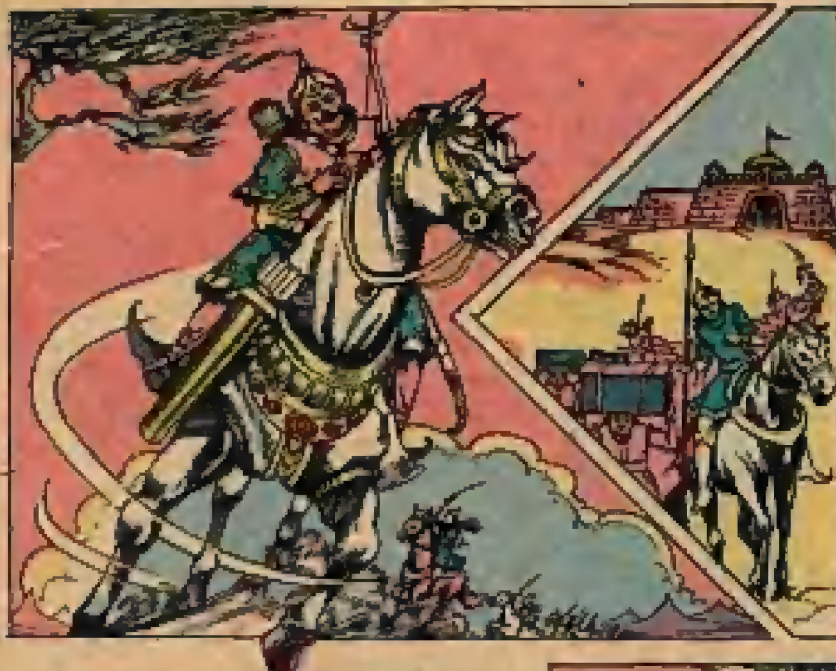
But soon he found out that the coin the beggar had handed him over was a fake one.

The beggar had not only kept the genuine one for himself, but also had obliged the shopkeeper to pay for the fake coin!



WHEN CHARITY WAS SIN

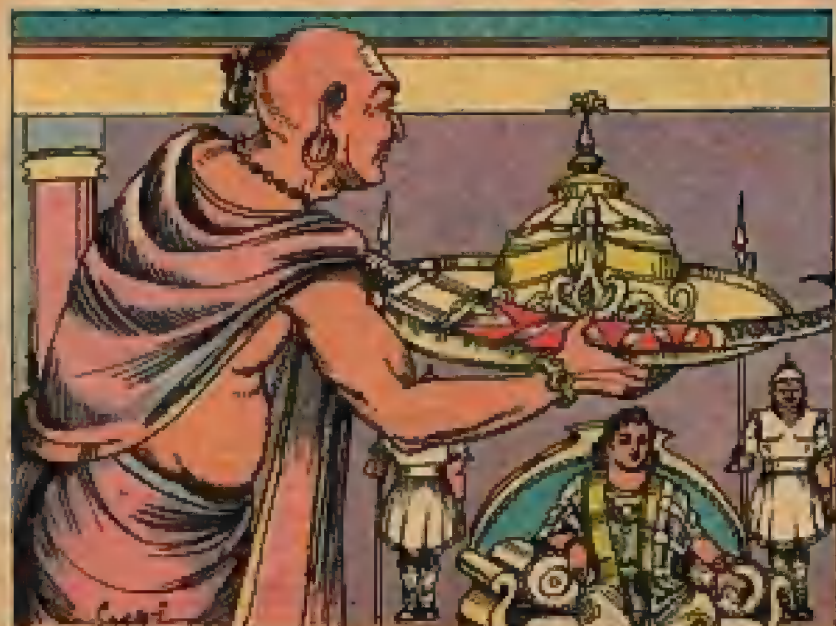
Once upon a time there was a king called Shatanika. He led martial expeditions to many lands. He carried the treasures of the defeated kings and their rich subjects to his own palace.

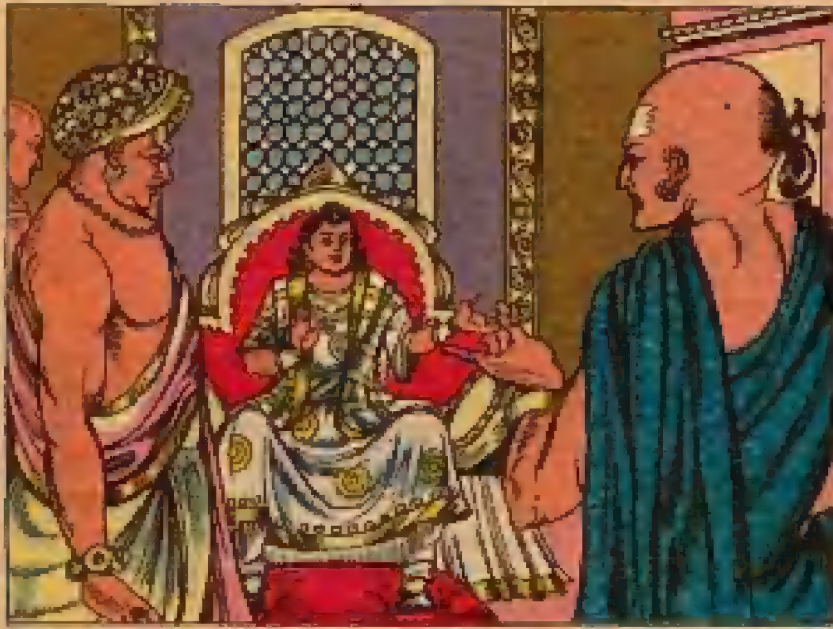


The king was very generous towards the Brahmins. The wealth he brought from the other lands were regularly distributed among the Brahmins. They praised and blessed the king in many words.



After King Shatanika died, his son, Sahasranika, sat on the throne. He too was a strong and courageous king, but he had no inclination for expeditions and conquests.





The Brahmins, who were in the habit of receiving gifts from the late king, were disappointed with the new king who did not hold gift-giving sessions. Their delegation met him and appealed to him to revive the tradition.

"If I can be sure that my father's practice has done him good, I will revive the tradition," said the young king. The Brahmins requested the sage, Bhargava, to prove that the late king's practice had done him good after his death.



Bhargava was sure of finding King Shatanika's soul in heaven. He sat in meditation and visited heaven in his subtle body. But the gods said that they had not seen Shatanika there!

Bhargava then proceeded to hell. Indeed, there he met Shatanika's soul. "My first sin was to gather wealth through unfair means; second sin was to heap them on the Brahmins who took to comfort and luxury and forgot their duty!" explained the king's soul.



Sage Bhargava went to the young king, Sahasranika, and told him all. He advised the young king to give alms with such money which he must have earned honestly. That alone could save the late king from hell.

The next day the young king left for another land. A stranger there, he worked as a labourer. For a full year he laboured hard and earned an humble wage. Then he returned to his palace.



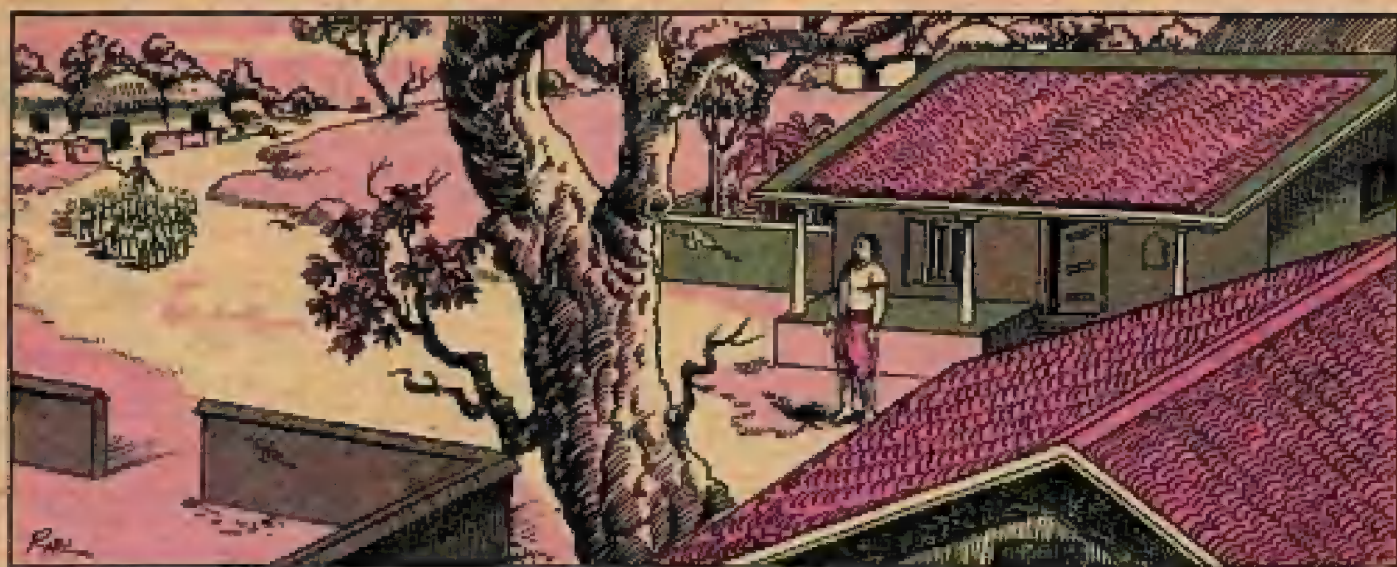


He called the Brahmins and distributed his wage among them, saying, "This is a small gift. But each of it is earned with honest sweat. Please accept this and pray for the welfare of my father's soul." The Brahmins went and prayed for the late king.

The young king then opened the treasury which he had inherited from his father and gave away whatever was left of the ill-earned wealth to the most poor and needy in his kingdom. He then met Bhargava and enquired about his father's soul.



Bhargava paid yet another visit to hell. But by then King Shatanika's sins had been exhausted. The sage was happy to see the king leaving for heaven, seated in a chariot of gold.



DOUBTS RESOLVED

Viswanath was busy looking into his accounts when his wife, Roma, came and told him, "Where is Gopi? Why should he be so late? I hope, he has not escaped with our cattle!"

Viswanath too became a bit worried. Gopi was his new servant. The boy had, for the first time, taken out their cattle and goats. Who can say if he had not escaped with them?

"Don't you worry. The boy might have lost his way. He should be back any moment," Viswanath told his wife, suppressing his misgivings.

But he proved right. Gopi was back soon.

Gopi gave the impression of

being fickle-minded. Roma could never trust him. However, Viswanath thought that the boy was simple-hearted and honest. His character was the matter of debate between the husband and the wife. Roma often scattered coins here and there in order to put Gopi's honesty to test. But Gopi always restored the money to Viswanath or Roma.

"You are unnecessarily suspicious of Gopi!" Viswanath told Roma.

"Well, well, such characters generally begin by acting honest. When the master comes to depend on them, they prove treacherous. If you doubt my

statement, put a big temptation before him and see," said Roma.

"I'd do as you propose," said Viswanath.

He discussed the matter with one of his friends. One evening the friend met Gopi while the latter was in the field and pointing his finger at a goat, said, "My boy, I am quite taken up with this one. Let me have it. Here is an amount of ten rupees for you."

"You can meet my master and bargain for it," said Gopi.

"My boy, why drag your master into the affair? Can't you tell him that the goat is lost?" asked the man.

"No, I can't. You must talk to him," replied Gopi.

The man kept on offering higher and higher price. At last, Gopi accepted the offer when he was willing to give a

hundred rupees!

The man soon met Viswanath with the goat and reported all that passed between him and Gopi.

"I am afraid, now that he has got a hundred rupees, he will desert the animals and run away," said Roma.

"I think he will just say that the goat is not to be found," said the friend.

They were still talking when Gopi was seen returning. The friend went to hiding.

"Master, a fellow insisted on buying one of our goats and gave me a hundred rupees for it. When I realised that we can buy three goats with the amount, I sold it to him. Must be a crackpot!" said Gopi.

Roma never passed any adverse comment on Gopi after this incident.





BRAVERY AND BRAVADO

Dinbandhu's wife died leaving behind a small daughter, Champa. Dinbandhu bestowed all his loving care on the child and Champa grew up to be a sweet young girl.

But what worried Dinbandhu was Champa's childish conduct. She roamed about in darkness all alone and often left the doors of the house open.

"My child, you ought to be on your guard. Otherwise you might invite danger," her father told her time and again. But she replied with a smile, "Father! I fear nothing!"

Dinbandhu tried to tell the girl that fearlessness and carelessness were not the same thing. But she only laughed whenever the topic came up.

Champa was to marry. Dinbandhu had to go to the town

to buy the articles necessary for the ceremony.

"Remain alert, child, till I return," said Dinbandhu while leaving the house.

"O father, don't you worry about that," replied the merry Champa.

Champa went to bed after dinner. It was midnight. She heard a knock on the door. She woke up and opened the door.

At once a young man who brandished a dagger stepped in. He locked the door behind him and commanded, "Tell me where your ornaments are kept!"

Terrified, Champa muttered out that she knew nothing of the ornaments. She thanked her father silently because he had kept them hiding.

The young bandit, at the point of dagger, obliged Champa

to take off the gold chain she wore and decamped with it. He locked the door outside.

Late in the morning Dinbandhu was back. He opened the door. Champa broke down at his sight. Upon hearing all that had happened, Dinbandhu said, "No use worrying over what has happened, child, but, I hope, you have realised that bravery and bravado are different things. You should not have opened the door without trying to know who it was that knocked!"

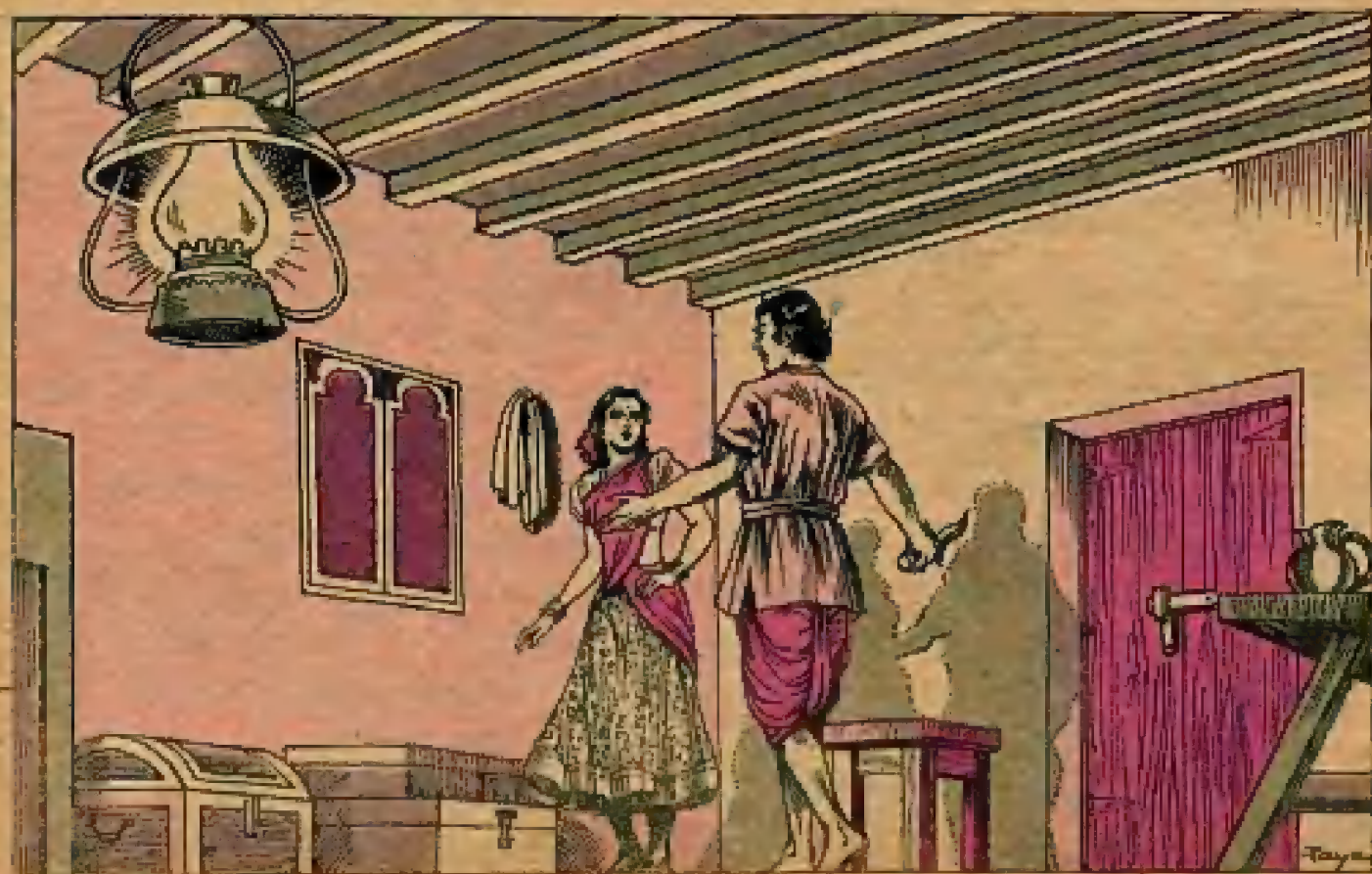
Champa hung her head.

A few days later the bridegroom and his mother visited

their house. As a token of their acceptance of the proposal, they presented Champa with a gold chain.

Champa was taken aback, for it was the very chain she had lost to the bandit. She peeped into the room where the bridegroom sat. "O Lord! It is the bandit who has come as the bridegroom!" she exclaimed before her father.

"Tut, tut, my child it is the bridegroom who had come as the bandit just to teach you a lesson. Needless to say, I had asked him to do so!" said Dinbandhu, laughing. Champa hung her head again.





*New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire*

CONNOISSEURS OF MUSIC

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. Flashes of lightning showed weird faces all around.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the tree and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse, said, "O King, Who can evaluate your labour? Can there be the right evaluation at all of anything in this world? Even when one depends on some supernatural power for the evaluation of a certain thing, there is no certainty that the evaluation will be correct. No wonder that King Kantivarma's attempts at evaluating music should end up in confusion! Pay attention to my narration of his story. That should bring



you some relief."

The vampire went on: Kanti-varma, the king of Vasantpur, had only one fancy and that was to listen to music. In his court he had some experts—connoisseurs of music—who specialised in judging the voices of the singers. If they found the voices of some of the singers resembling those of cows, they found the voices of some others closer to those of elephants.

Sometimes when the experts differed about the nature of a singer's voice, the matter was referred to the king. He, in his wisdom, decided the issue.

But one thing was certain:

the king was never entirely satisfied with any of the singers, although he admired many and rewarded all.

One night the king saw a goddess, who looked like Saraswati, in his dream. Said the goddess, "Enter the forest to the right of the town. There, beside a brook, you shall find a Veena. Let the musicians sing while playing that Veena. You will then be spared the pains of deciding the exact nature of their voices."

The king woke up. It was a moonlit night. He rode into the forest at once and returned with the Veena.

In the morning the Veena was carried into the court and was offered flowers and sandalwood paste. There were half a dozen singers ready to demonstrate their talents. The senior-most among them was asked to sing first.

He had hardly begun playing the Veena and singing when, to everybody's amazement, he turned into an ass. He kicked a few courtiers and ran away. The king and the courtiers were amazed. They realised that such was the magic of the instrument that it changed a singer into the animal whose

voice he resembled!

No other singer came forward to play the Veena that day. Next day a new musician appeared in the court. Not knowing the strange quality of the Veena, he played it. Instantly he turned into a buffalo and pushed through the panicky courtiers.

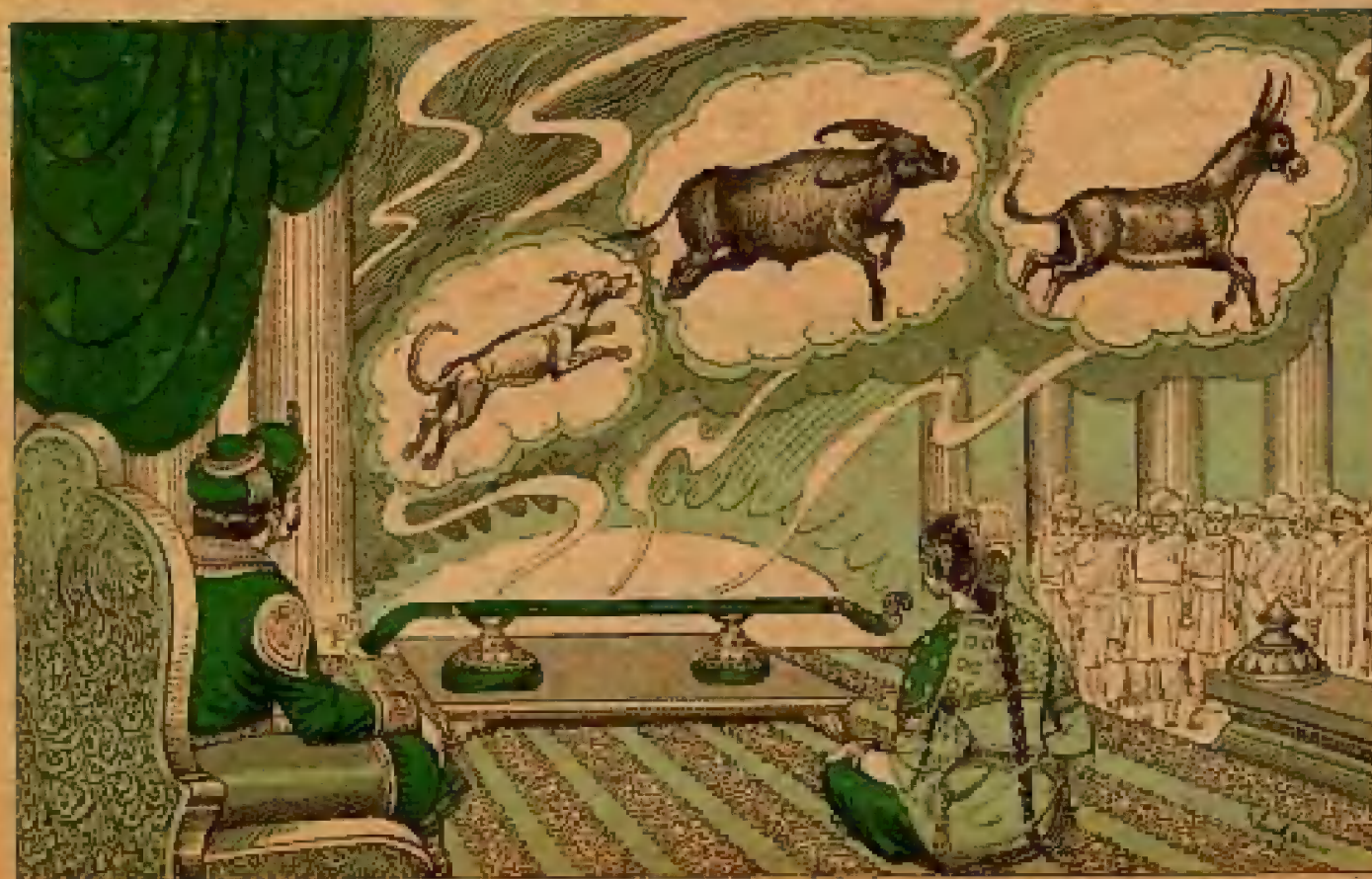
Yet another singer who took up the Veena a couple of days later changed into a dog. He barked furiously and ran away.

The king had ordered his guards to take hold of the animals. They were lodged in a comfortable guest-house and fed well.

Days passed and no other singer dared to touch the Veena. One day the king sighed and said, "What a pity that no singer has really a good voice!"

The princess who heard this was inspired to try her voice. While the king and the others tried to stop her, she took up the Veena and sang. Her voice was extremely sweet and she put all into a trance. But before long she was changed into a cuckoo. She flew away!

The king was shocked. So were the others. Annoyed with the Veena, they shattered it to pieces and then burnt it. With its destruction the animals in the



guest-house got back their human forms. The cuckoo which was in the garden returned to the palace as the human princess.

The vampire paused and then demanded of King Vikram: "How is it that the Veena which was given by Goddess Saraswati failed to serve any real purpose? We cannot say that it helped the king in any way to appreciate music better! Why then did the goddess give it at all? Answer me, if you can, O King. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

Spoke out the king: "There is no proof that the goddess who gave the news of the magic Veena was Goddess Saraswati. There are supernatural creatures

who assume the forms of gods and goddesses and make fun of others. However, who is it that appeared to the king in his dream is not quite relevant here. Whoever be she, her purpose was to ridicule the king and his committee of connoisseurs. The evaluation of true music is not done by determining whether or not the singer's voice resembled that of any animal. The king had gathered some snobs around him. If the king himself had some taste, it was marred by his faith in wrong standards of judging music. The magic Veena was only meant to awaken them to their own foolishness."

As soon as the king finished giving the answer, the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip!



THE INSOLUBLE PROBLEM

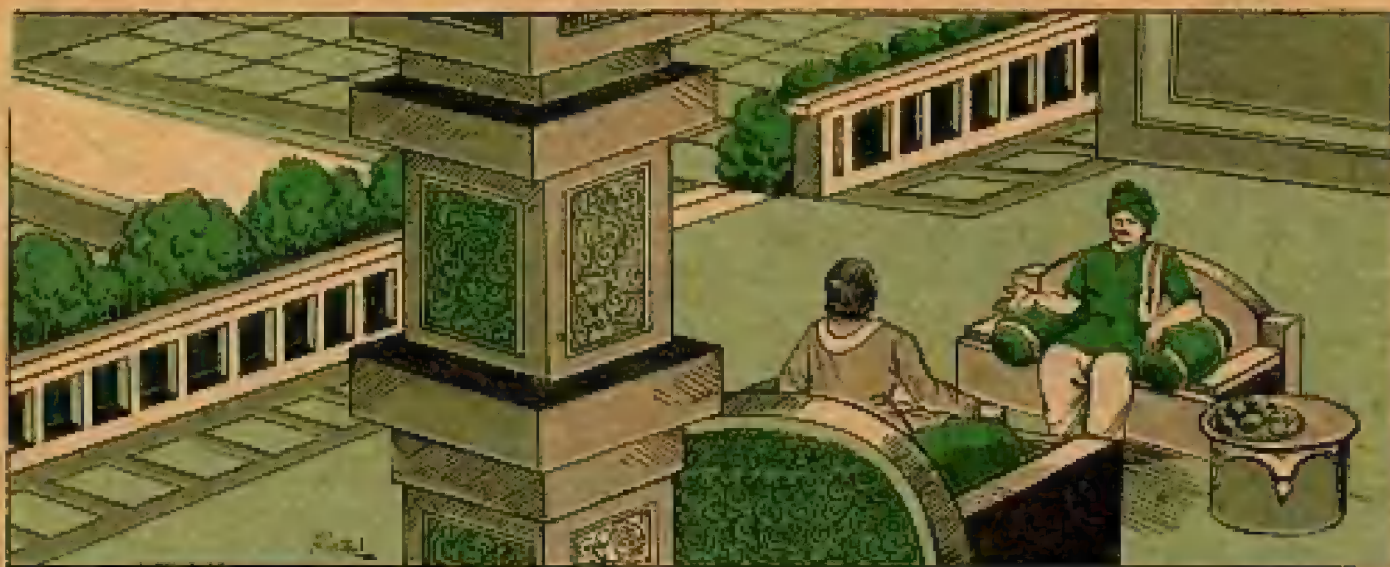
While putting a day's profit into his chest, a shop-keeper remembered the village deity and said, "O Lord, please see that the money in the chest remains intact. If you do so, I will offer you a coconut."

Years passed. The deity received no coconut from the shop-keeper. One night he told the shop-keeper in the latter's dream, "I have seen to it that your money remains intact, haven't I? Where is my coconut?"

"The problem is, I must take out money from the chest if I have to buy a coconut for you. If I have to take out some money, can it be said that the money remained intact?"

The deity sighed and disappeared.





MAHIM'S ASTROLOGY!

The young Mahim had inherited his maternal grandfather's large estate apart from what his father had left him. He had faithful servants to take care of the property. No wonder that he should be able to devote much time to his hobbies.

At first he spent his time in flying kites. He went on gathering colourful kites and surpassed everybody in the locality in the art of kite-flying. But, before long, he lost all interest in it. Then he started learning music. He dreamed of flourishing as a singer. But that needed patience and he was not willing to cultivate it.

Lately he had developed a fascination for astrology. He

purchased as many books on the subject as he could find and read them. It is difficult to say how much he learnt. But he grew very eager to be acknowledged as a learned astrologer.

"Hello, uncle, you look worried! What's the matter?" — one day he asked Bhupal Singh, a well-known villager.

"I'm passing through lean days, sonny," grumbled Bhupal.

"Why don't you show me your horoscope?" asked Mahim.

Bhupal, out of curiosity, fetched his horoscope. Mahim studied it intently and said, "You are experiencing financial hardship, I suppose!"

"How correct you are, sonny!"

When, do you think, my difficulty would be over?"

"In a month's time," predicted Mahim, "you'll get a thousand rupees!"

On the completion of a month Bhupal Singh met Mahim and observed grimly, "Sonny, I should say, you know nothing of astrology! A month is over; but a thousand rupees remains a dream!"

"You can't say that a month is over! Today is the last day of the month and here is a thousand rupees!" said Mahim handing out the amount to Bhupal Singh.

"Long live, sonny! Never

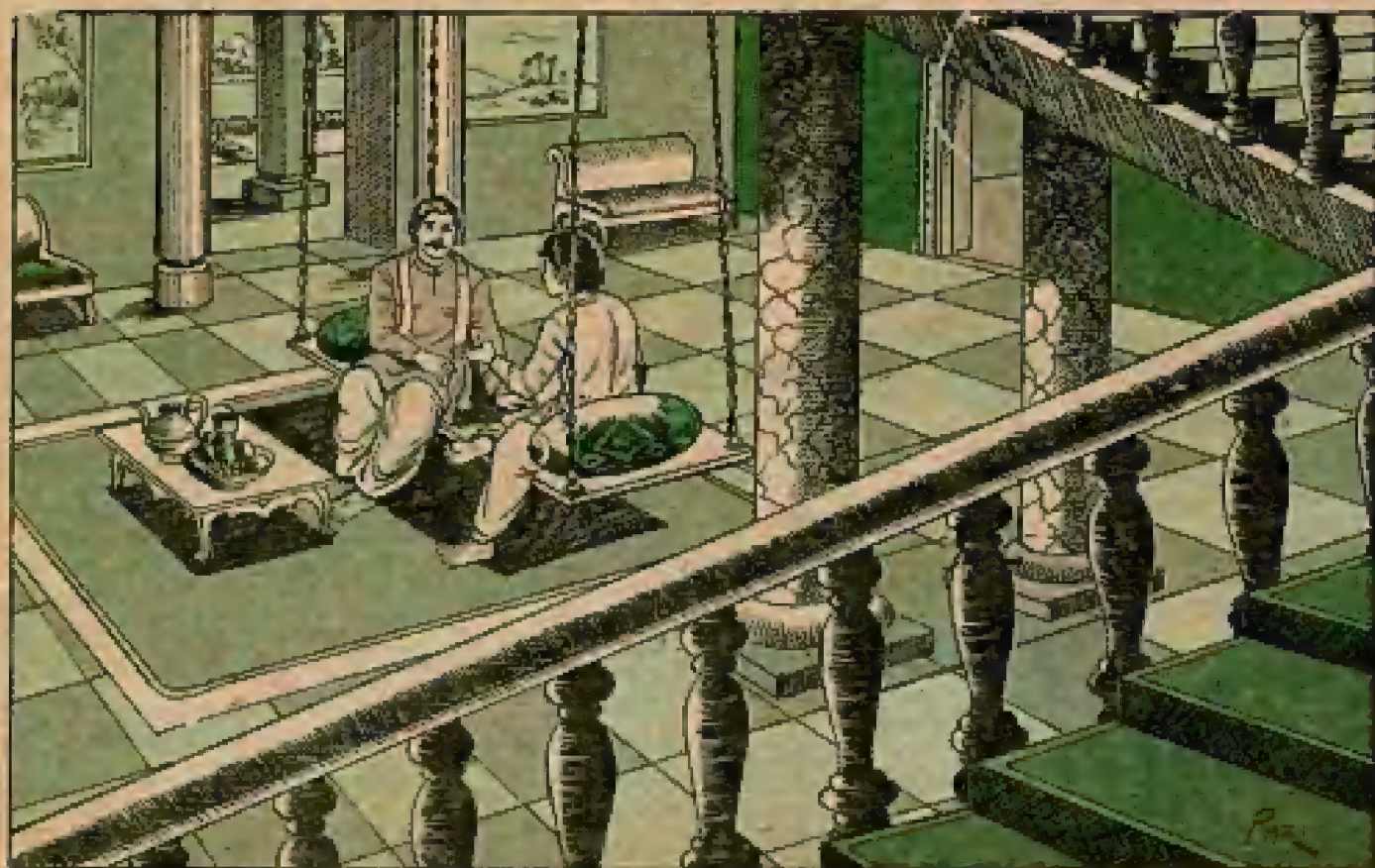
have I known a greater astrologer!" cried out Bhupal Singh as he ran out.

Needless to say, Bhupal Singh's cry was lusty and loud, befitting his joy at the wind-fall.

His remark had been overheard by Ram Singh, a teacher, who was passing by.

Within minutes Ram Singh met Mahim with his daughter's horoscope.

"How lucky I'm to discover a great astrologer in you! I am much anguished because I don't find a suitable match for my daughter, Leela. Will you please study her horoscope and



see when I can expect my worry to be over?"

Ram Singh was the first ever man to come to him uninvited. Mahim was immensely pleased. He studied Leela's horoscope and said, "You are destined to find the right match for Leela in a fortnight!"

"In a fortnight!" exclaimed Ram Singh, excited. He was so sure about the prediction coming true that he immediately began preparations for the ceremony. Foodstuff for feast, ornaments for the bride, and clothes for the relatives were purchased. Even priests and cooks were booked.

But as days passed, Mahim himself started looking for a match for Leela. He must not be branded an inefficient astrologer! But he did not succeed.

On the 14th day Ram Singh

met Mahim and observed, "Son! I'm sure, your prediction won't go wrong. I'm all set for performing Leela's marriage. Some miracle, I hope, will bring the bridegroom by tonight!"

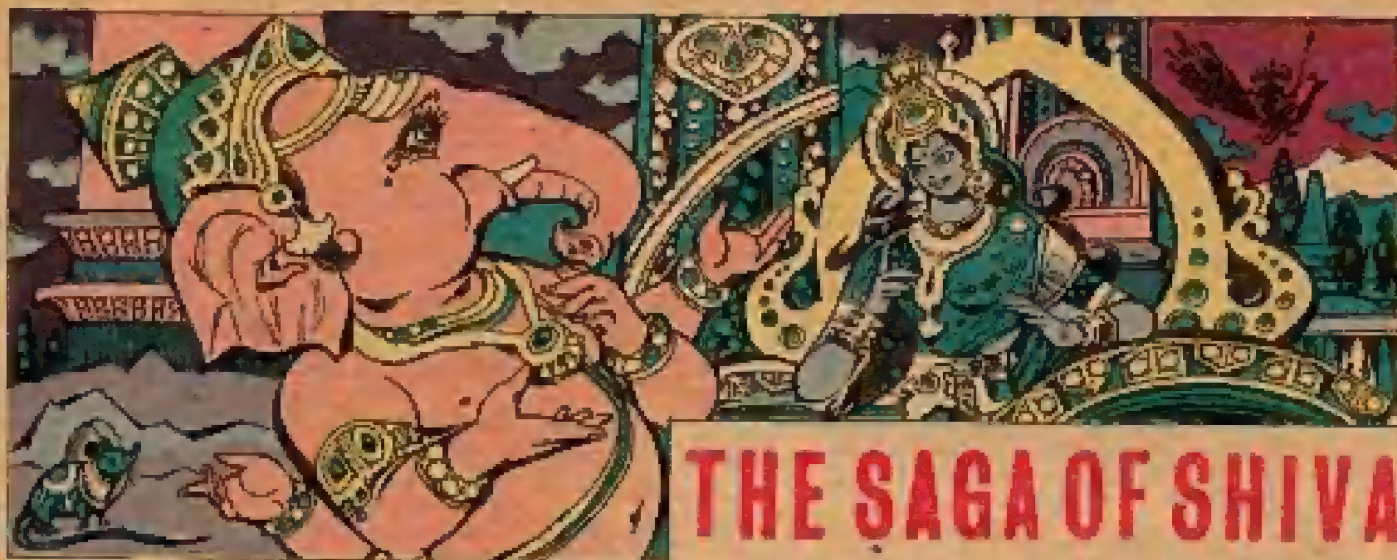
"Sir! Here I am, at your disposal. I won't make a bad bridegroom, I hope!" muttered Mahim.

Ram Singh hugged him and wept with joy. Leela was married to Mahim.

A few days passed. Bhupal Singh, who was hopeful of making some profit by Mahim's astrology once more, asked him, "Will you please study my horoscope again and see if am likely to stumble upon any treasure?"

"Sorry, uncle, Leela has made me give up astrology! I'm devoting my attention to farming!" informed Mahim.





THE SAGA OF SHIVA

Ganapati grew up to become a lovable young god. He was most obedient to his mother, Parvati, and kind to all the beings of the region.

In due course he married Jayalakshmi, the daughter of Viswadharsi.

Brave and well-behaved too he was. One day Parvati told Shiva, "Just as Kumar is in command of the gods, Ganapati should be in command of the *ganas*."

Ganas were supernatural beings who served Shiva and Parvati. It was time they were given a leader so that they could serve even better.

Shiva was about to give his consent to the proposal when Kumar came in and said, "Father, don't you think it proper to keep the *ganas* under my control? Will you please

announce that you have appointed me their captain?"

It seemed Kumar had taken it for granted that he ought to command the *ganas*.

"My son, you are already the general of the gods. Why not we keep the *ganas* under Ganapati's charge?" asked Shiva.

But Kumar did not see the point. He was sure that if anyone, it is he who deserved the generalship of the *ganas*.

"Well, then, let us decide the issue in a fair way. Let yourself and Ganapati undertake a round of the earth. Whoever returns to us first gets the position," announced Shiva.

He then presented Kumar with a peacock and Ganapati with a mouse. (It was the demon, Gajasura, who remained with Shiva as a mouse.)

With his elegant peacock,

Kumar at once set off. Ganapati looked on at his fast disappearing brother and then complained to his mother, "How can my mouse compete with such a smart vehicle as Kumar's peacock?"

Parvati smiled. "Go and put the question to Vishnu," she suggested.

Forthwith Ganapati proceeded to meet Vishnu. To him the young god said, "Strange is the conduct of my father. He gave a peacock to Kumar. But to me he gave as dull a creature as a mouse. And he expects me to compete with Kumar! is this not unfair?"

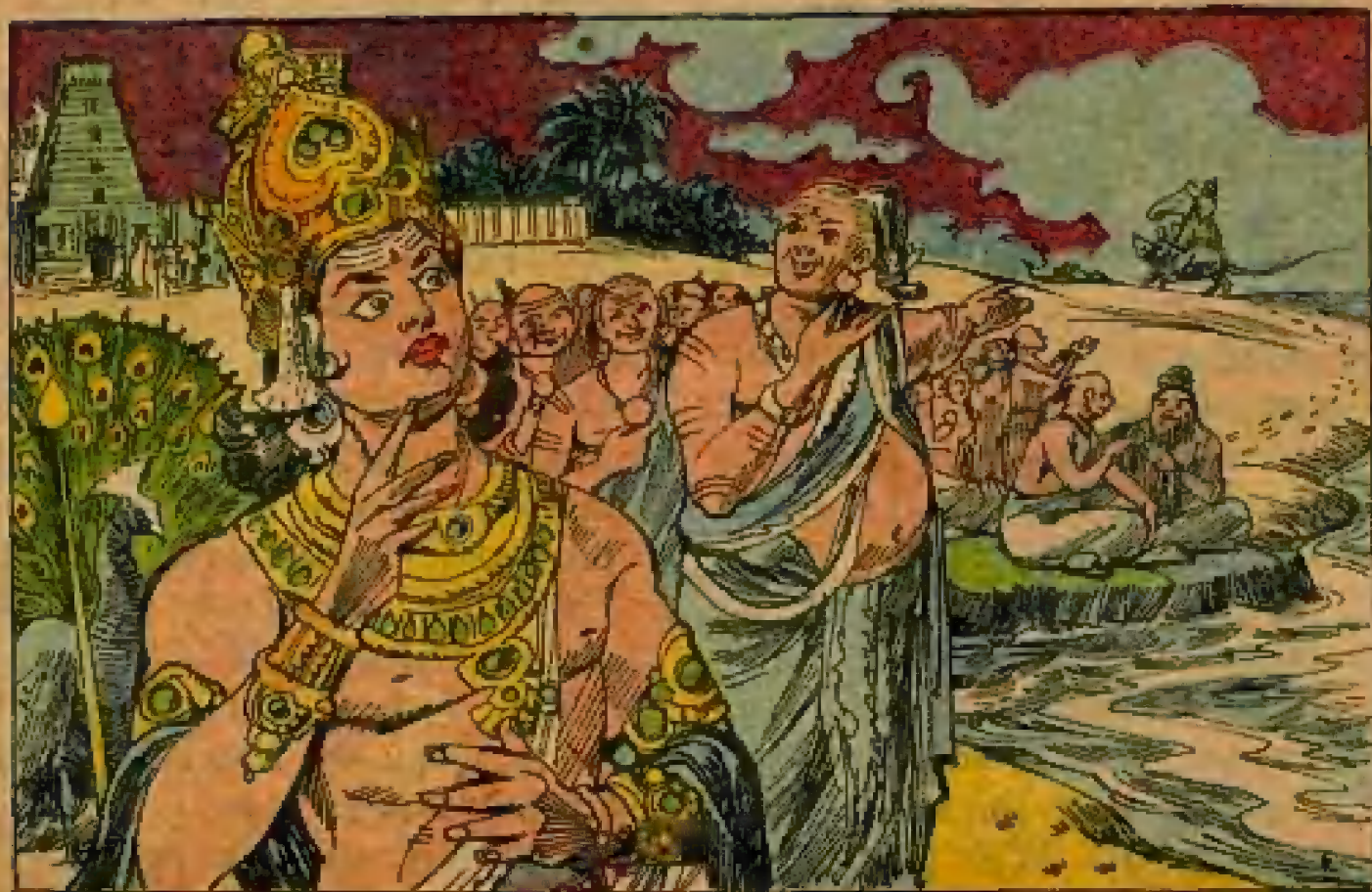
What is your advice to me?"

Vishnu whispered a few words to him and he returned to Kailash satisfied. He bathed in a stream and sat in meditation, all the while reciting the names of Shiva and Parvati.

By midday Kumar descended on a holy place in order to bathe in a river. Upon the sands he saw the foot-prints of a mouse.

"You surely did not see an elephant-headed lad riding a mouse going this way!" he asked the Brahmmins who were there.

"How could we have kept our eyes shut to that generous



young man? Did he not give a gold coin to each of us? Look yonder and you'll see him going away!" replied a Brahmin.

Kumar was amazed to see Ganapati moving away at great pace.

"I'll forgo my bath and catch up with him!" he murmured to himself and started on his peacock again. But some time later, descending at another place, he was amazed to learn that Ganapati had preceded him!

At Kailash all saw Ganapati engrossed in meditation. Before sunset he got up and, his hands folded, thrice circled Shiva and Parvati, chanting their names.

Soon thereafter Kumar returned. As his eyes fell on Ganapati, he smiled in appreciation and said to Shiva, "Father

it is Ganapati who wins. Let him command the *ganas*. It is remarkable the way he beat me!"

"But, brother, I did not go round the earth physically. I knew that to circle round Shiva and Parvati is equal to circling round the earth," informed Ganapati.

"You proved right. Even if you did not go physically, I saw your emanation going round the earth. You are wise," said Kumar.

Arrangements were made for Ganapati to be ceremoniously appointed the leader of the *ganas*.

Brihaspati, the priest of the gods, fixed the day and the hour for the ceremony. In his presence, Shiva and Parvati performed the rites. Ganapati sat with his wife Jayalakshmi and received their blessings.





ONE WHO FAILED TO BRING THE GIFT

Long long ago there was a Brahmin teacher in the city of Varanasi. A large number of students resided with him. They studied scriptures and various disciplines under his guidance.

The Brahmin had a daughter. She was a good-natured girl and beautiful. One day the Brahmin told his students, "It is time I arrange for my daughter's marriage. But I must have clothes and ornaments for that purpose."

"O venerable teacher, we can bring all those things!" said the students enthusiastically.

"It is so good of you to say so. But I can accept them only if you bring them hiding from

all. Nobody should see or know what you bring for me," the teacher laid down the condition.

The students thought for a while. Then they said that even then they should be able to bring the necessary things, although in lesser quantity.

From the next day the students began bringing clothes and ornaments to the Brahmin. Needless to say, they lifted them from their homes or the shops when nobody saw them doing so. The Brahmin kept each student's gifts separately.

The Brahmin observed that only one of his students did not bring anything for the occasion. He was his best student and

was known for his faithfulness to his master. The Brahmin called him aside and observed, "It seems you have not been able to bring anything for me!"

The student looked sad. In silence he conveyed that he had indeed failed to comply with his master's direction.

"What is the reason for your failure?" asked the Brahmin.

"Sir, I tried my best to find an opportunity when I should be able to bring something for you unseen by others. But however I tried, I could not give the slip to the knowledge and notice of one witness," replied the student.

"Who was that witness?" demanded the teacher.

"Myself," replied the student.

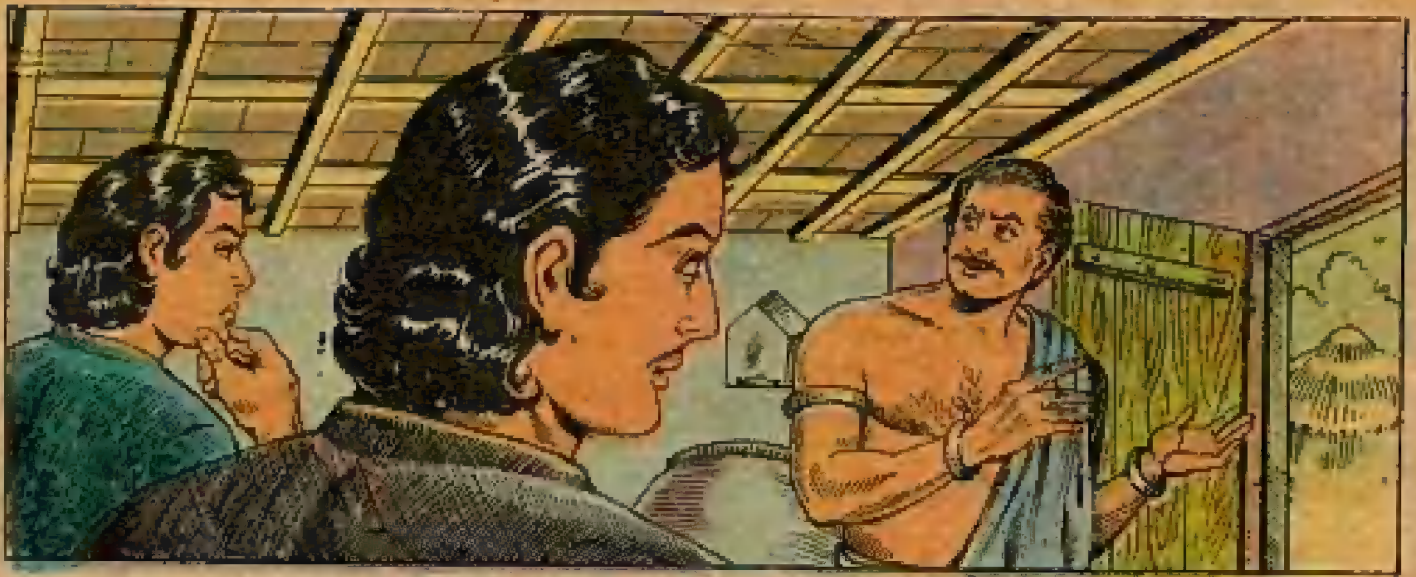
The Brahmin's face brightened up. He patted the student on the back and said, "My boy, I was in the look out for the most wise and pure-minded young man to marry my daughter. I had put all my students into a trial. You alone came out successful. I am proud of you."

The Brahmin then returned to the other students the gifts they had brought and instructed them to restore the things to their owners. His daughter's marriage was performed with the student who failed to bring any gift.

This student was Bodhisattva—the Buddha in one of his earlier incarnations.

From the Buddha Jatakas





TRIP TO RATNAGIRI

Sivram worked hard. He expected his two young and able-bodied sons to do the same. But they whiled away their time in idle gossip or play. Also, they spent their father's money in merry-making.

One day Sivram called the two young men and said, "I have hardly any money left with me for you boys to spend. If you so wish, you may proceed to the Ratnagiri hills and dig out the wealth buried there by my grandfather. I have never been there because I never needed more than I earned through my own labour."

"Father, we should be happy to find the hidden treasure. Will you please tell us where the hills are and where exactly the wealth lies?" asked the two excited brothers.

"Two hundred miles to the

west of this place is situated a prosperous village called Dharmapuri. The Ratnagiri hills stand to its south. There is a cave almost at the top of the highest peak. You shall find several rocks inside the cave. The one on which my grandfather's name is inscribed is the one below which lies the hidden treasure," said Sivram.

The very next day the two brothers began their journey for Dharmapuri. Whatever food they carried with them was finished in two days and the money they had was spent in another day. How to proceed farther? A farmer was looking for two workers. The two brothers offered to work for him. They spent a week with the farmer and earned a good wage.

They resumed their journey.

Dharmapuri was still miles away when their wage was spent. Just then they met a contractor. He had undertaken a work which had to be completed in a month. He was in need of two assistants. The two brothers joined him. At the successful completion of the work, the contractor paid them a thousand rupees. He had been much pleased with their work.

The two brothers advanced and reached a bazar called Udai-pur. A godown was being auctioned. They took it over as the highest bidders, for eight hundred rupees. Six weeks later, at the right season, they sold

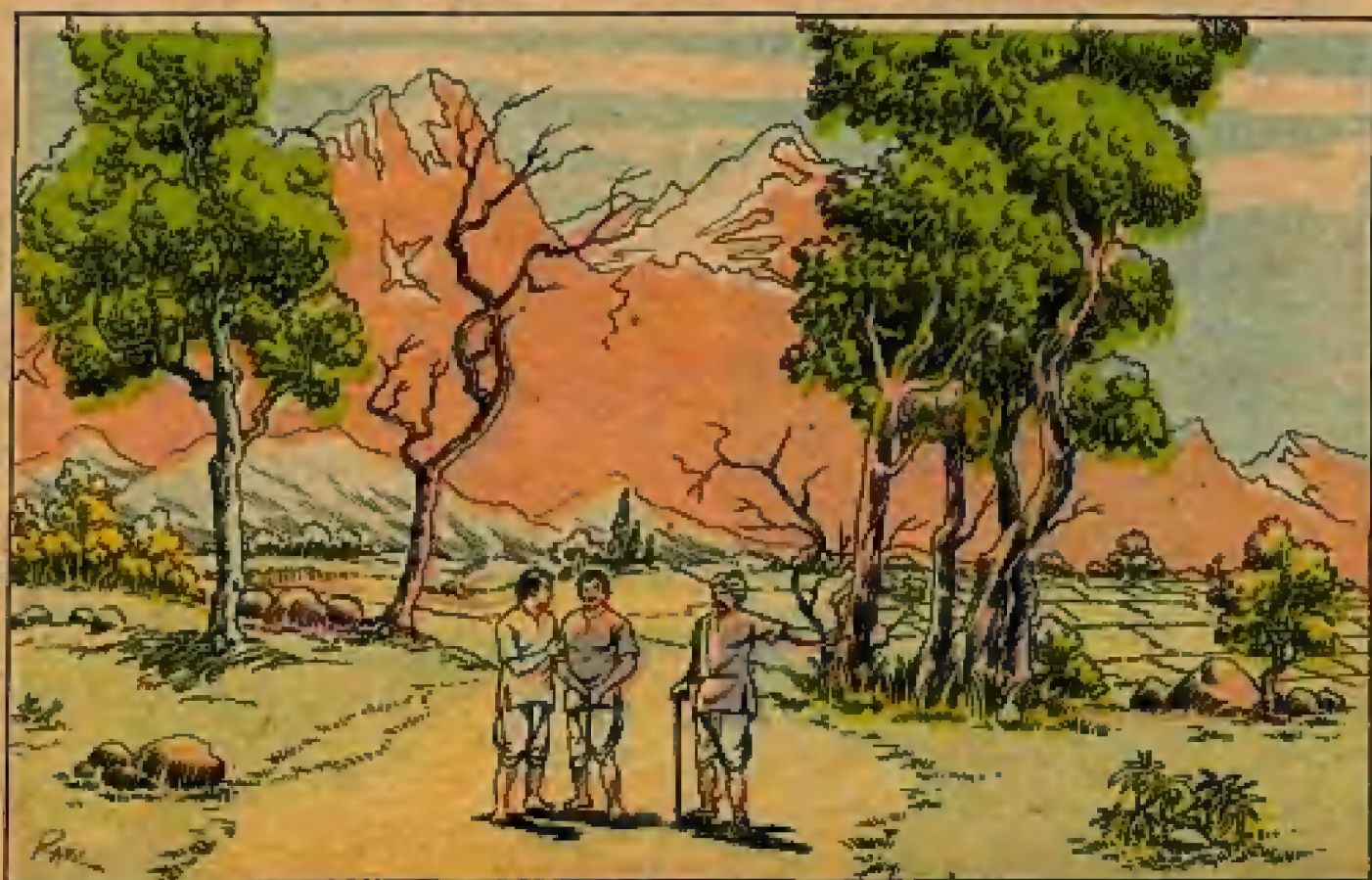
the goods of the godown at a profit of two thousand rupees. They made an investment of the gain to far greater profits. Their business kept prospering.

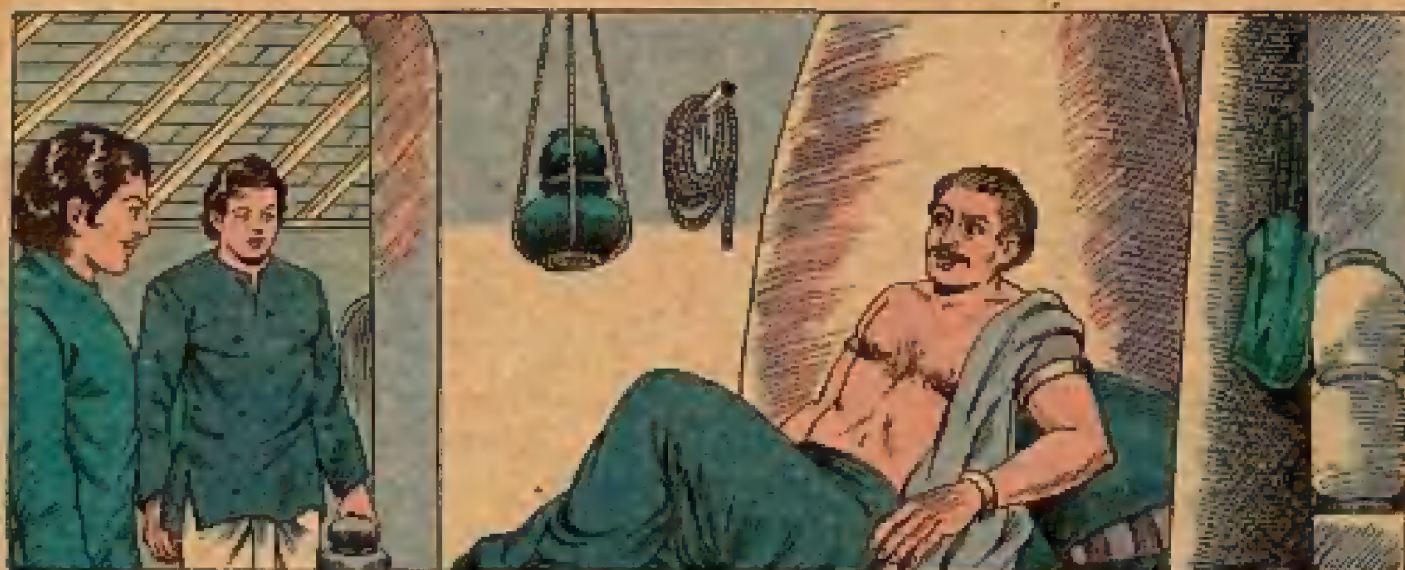
After six months, leaving their business in charge of a faithful manager, they started for Dharmapuri. They were there in two days, but there were no hills anywhere around Dharmapuri.

"Father must have given us a wrong address," said one.

"Perhaps. In any case, we must go to meet him. It has been a long time we left home," said the other.

They hired a horse-carriage





and reached home in a few days. Sivram surveyed them and said with a smile, "Obviously, you have hit upon the hidden treasure!"

"No, father..."

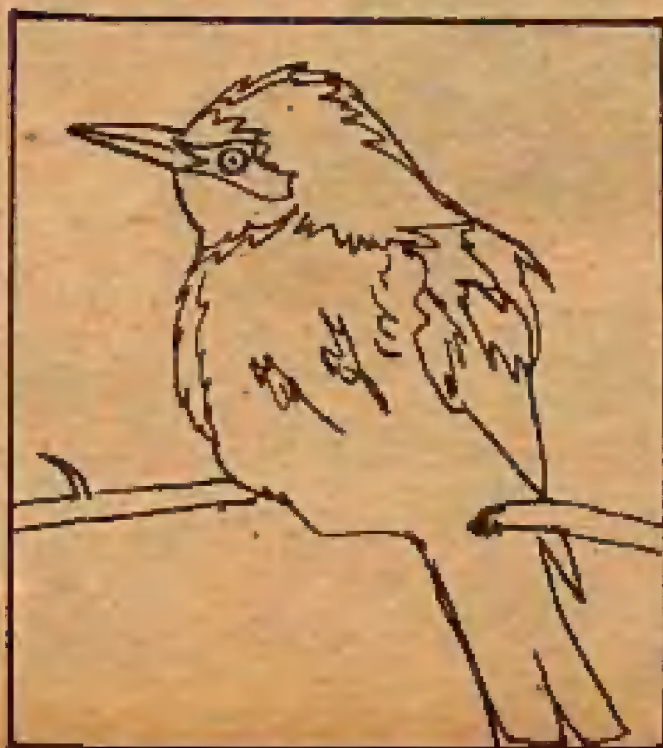
But the elder son interrupted the younger one and said, "Yes, father, we have. The treasure was hidden in ourselves.

Through labour and application of our mind, we discovered it."

"Indeed, it is so. We are grateful to you, father," said the younger son who had now realised what his father really meant by hidden treasure.

Sivram blessed them and wished them happiness.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





THE PASSAGE TO HEAVEN

At the approach of a village called Manipur, Govind was intrigued to see that the crop in the fields outside the village looked dry for lack of irrigation; but a lake near them was full to the brim!

Even a more strange sight was in store for him. He saw some villagers watering rows of mango and tamarind trees which were quite grown up.

"Are these people crazy?" he wondered. He went closer to them and asked, "A little water could save the crop. Instead of doing anything in that regard, you are wasting your time and labour on trees which do not need any water! What's the idea behind it, please?"

"Well, sir, the lake belongs to the landlord. These trees too belong to him. All we are doing is to pour his water at

the roots of his trees. The order is his and he alone can tell you what the idea behind it is!" answered the villagers.

Govind felt disgusted. "I don't understand his strange conduct. Why should he not water the cornfields?" he asked.

"But the cornfields are ours. Why should he waste his water on our fields?"

"His water, is it? As if his grandpa had imported the water!" commented Govind.

"Please, sir, don't bring in his grandpa. His grandpa, Jainarayan, was a truly great man. He would first ask the villagers to make use of the water from his lake. Only then he would water his own fields. His son, Rajnarayan, was neither good nor bad. He would water his own fields first, but would let the others use the remaining



water. The present landlord, Harinarayan, does not like anyone to benefit from his water."

Govind understood how selfish the landlord was. "I must try to change his practice," he decided.

He spent the whole day amidst the villagers. By and by he learnt that while the landlord was mean and miserly, the villagers were a peace-loving people. He learnt further that the landlord often worried about life after death, and kept on asking mendicants and astrologers what might happen to his soul after his death.

Govind resolved to take ad-

vantage of this trait of the landlord's character.

The landlord was in the habit of taking a stroll around his lake early in the morning. The sight of his own crop looking lush beside the pale crop of the others seemed to please him.

Next day, out on his usual stroll, the landlord saw a holy man standing knee-deep in his lake. The holy man was filling his jug with water and emptying it again.

The landlord observed him doing so time and again. Then he went close to the lake and asked, "O holy man, what is the rite you are performing?"

The holy man started. "I never thought that someone would spy upon me so early in the morning!" he murmured.

"But I am curious to know what you were doing!" said the landlord politely. He had great awe for holy men.

"I cannot utter a lie. But don't tell others what I tell you. I was searching for a jugful of fresh water, but in vain. The soul of the late landlord, Rajnarayan, is in much trouble, suspended midway between heaven and hell. Only if I could offer to the gods a jugful of fresh water on his behalf, he could

pass on to heaven!" said the holy man.

The landlord looked agape. "Please explain the situation further, O holy man!" he said imploringly.

"I understand that this lake had been dug by Jainarayan, a benevolent man. His son, Rajnarayan, though not a pious man himself, was on the way to heaven after his death, thanks to the merit of his father. But his soul is pulled downward by the sins of his son! I saw his plight from a Himalayan peak. He asked me to offer to the gods a jugful of fresh water from this lake. But where is fresh water? His stupid son has not let the last year's water be exhausted. How can fresh water ooze out of the earth?"

"But what is the sin of Rajnarayan's son?" asked the landlord.

"You too seem to be as stupid as Rajnarayan's son. The fellow has so much water in his lake, but he does not allow the poor people of his village to use it for their fields! What is sin if not this? The fellow, when dead, is sure to become a permanent resident in hell. The pity is, he would also make his father's soul fall in



hell because he has not allowed a jugful of fresh water to be possible in his lake!" said the holy man in a harsh voice.

The holy man had come up to the bank. The landlord fell at his feet and said, "O great soul, please do something to save my soul and my father's. I am that stupid son of the late Rajnarayan."

"I see! Get up, sonny, get up. Since you have begun regretting your folly, you stand a fair chance of saving yourself from the torments of hell," said the holy man.

"What is your advice to me?" asked the landlord.



"Ask the villagers to use the water of your lake for saving their crop. That will eliminate your sin. Then, once the old water is drawn, the earth would send forth fresh water. I'd then come down from the Himalayas again, sometime at midnight, and collect a jugful of fresh water and offer it for your father's soul. That should send him to heaven. He would then

naturally bless you and that would be helpful to your soul!" said the holy man.

The landlord called the villagers the same morning and chided them for not using the water of his lake in their fields!

Govind resumed his travel. He took off his guise of a holy man when he had left the village a couple of miles behind him.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



SMILES AND TEARS

Xerxes, the king of Persia, led a great expedition against Greece. Huge was his army and large the fleet of ships he commanded.

While passing by the ancient city of Troy, he felt a desire to survey his forces. A marble throne was set upon a hill. Xerxes took his seat and proudly looked at the multitudes of his army and the array of ships.

He smiled and said, "I am a happy man!"

Next moment he fell into a gloom and shed tears.

"What is this?" asked a relative.

"I weep at the thought that not a single member of this huge party of mine will be alive when a hundred years has gone by!" replied Xerxes.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. M. Nataraajan



Ms. Bishan Maheshwari

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for the September '79 goes to :

Mr. B. G. Shashidhar, S/o. Sri B. V. Govinda Rao, B.E.,
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B. B. Prasad (Teacher), Patna.

The Story of India will enter a new phase from January, 1980.

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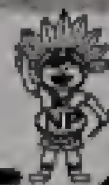
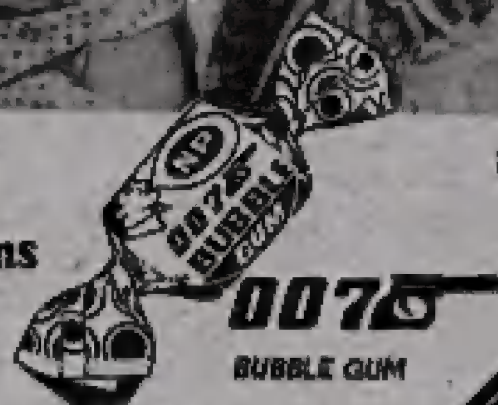
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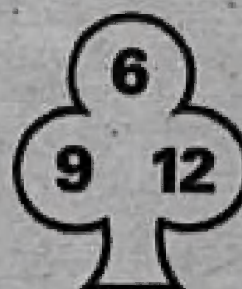
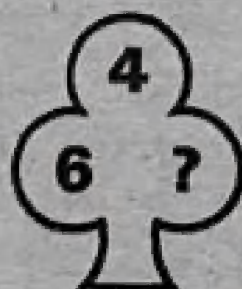
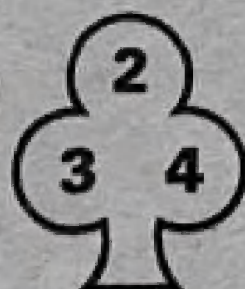
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